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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Midsummer is the time to hear the voice of the turtle-dove in the land, but we can hardly recall noticing so many turtle-doves in party politics before. Everybody coos, and one can hardly hear a harsh note anywhere. Seven new Liberal peers—an olive branch to the House of Lords! At Hartlepool the Liberal majority shrinks almost to vanishing point, yet the Unionists raise no loud note of joy, and the Liberals hardly trouble to argue that the figures are "as you were" or only a little below the "high-water mark of 1906". In East Dorset there may be a little devil in the contest, but it seems to be a strictly local devil. "Veto", which was on the lips of every fiery orator a few weeks ago, is forgot to-day.

The side-tracking of the House of Lords question is indeed complete for the time, quite wonderful. Exquisite civilities pass between the leaders and their followers when the subject of the Conference comes up. The least discreet of the newspapers warn one another that on no account must the smallest item of news leak out; and the chief part of their political news every morning is that there is no news. "Rumour painted full of tongues" is tongue-tied.

The Nonconformists are thought to be somewhat distrustful, but it is only a thought. The Irish Nationalists are indulgent. That moderate, that discreet politician Mr. Philip Snowden declares that he will not say a hurtful word; whilst Mr. Keir-Hardie almost blesses the Conference and with it the British Constitution—he is terrified it seems at the bare notion of a paper constitution which might be the result of a revolution. It is all very touching and beautiful; who save a cub would wish the Conference anything but success?

The composition of the Conference upset all the prophets—though of course the prophets contend that

they virtually got the list right. It was easy enough to name Mr. Asquith, Mr. Balfour, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Crewe, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Austen Chamberlain; but nobody prophesied Mr. Birrell and Lord Cawdor. It strikes one as a very strong body. It has—taking the House of Commons—in Mr. Balfour, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Birrell men of the finest quality of intellect; and it has Lord Lansdowne, who, though he has never struck the imagination of people, is a statesman of rare knowledge and prescience. Lord Cawdor is a great man of affairs, bold and uncompromising in fight, but not at all reckless in council. Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Chamberlain sit opposite each other naturally enough. Whatever the Conference does we may be sure it won't "damn the consequences".

Mr. Asquith, without waiting for the result of the Conference, has already begun the flooding of the Upper House with Liberal peers. Seven at a batch, and all Liberals of the purest brand. One, Mr. R. K. Causton, gets a peerage as solatium for defeat at the last election; Sir Christopher Furness as solatium for being unseated on petition; Sir Walter Foster and Sir Henry Holland as reward for providing a seat in the House for stranded Liberal Ministers. Another Harmsworth gets promotion; this time a Liberal Harmsworth, Mr. Harold, who becomes a baronet. And of course a Liberal list of honours could not be without a Mond. As a whole, Mr. Asquith's list is the most unblushingly partisan we have had for some time. It reminds one of his ecclesiastical appointments.

Old Auchinleck told Dominie Johnson that Cromwell was a fine fellow because "he garr'd kings to ken that they had a lith in their necks". We are grateful to Mr. Gibson Bowles for performing a similar operation on the minds of the officials of Somerset House. It is, indeed, high time that the Inland Revenue Department was brought within the purview of Parliament, and that its arrogant and brutal Jacks-in-office were taught that they have a lith in their necks. Already we are in sight of that official tyranny which Frenchmen and Germans bear so patiently, but which Britons have never yet endured. To those who complain of the summary and inquisitorial methods suddenly adopted

for the collection of super-tax it is thought a triumphant answer to say that they are no more than have been applied to those who claimed abatement. But it is one thing to give details of your income for the purpose of reducing your tax, and another to give them for the purpose of increasing your tax. To throw the duty of proving that he is liable to the super-tax on the taxpayer, and to compel him under the severest penalties to notify the fact to the tax-collector, is surely the last refinement of insolence and oppression.

But are the methods of Somerset House for the collection of super-tax, admittedly exasperating, legal? Sir William Bull, a solicitor, Mr. Bowles, an ex-official of Somerset House, and Mr. Duke, a very learned counsel, doubt the legality of the notices that have been scattered through the land calling on men and women of all positions to bare their most intimate secrets to the unsympathetic ears of Special Commissioners. What annoys people is the fishing nature of these notices. People who have nothing like £5000 a year, of whom it is patently absurd to suppose that they have £5000 a year, have been served with these fishing interrogatories about their most private family affairs, which they are called upon to answer for two years back under the most clamant threats of punishment. Now, the Finance Act says that the regulations for the collection of income tax shall be made by the tax-collecting authority—this alone is monstrous—but that the regulations shall lie on the table of the House of Commons for forty days. For what purpose are the regulations to lie on the table of the Commons? Certainly not that members may admire the type and paper of the Government printers.

The regulations are to lie on the table of the House of Commons for forty days in order that members may criticise, and, if the majority think fit, alter them. It is not denied that the forty days will only elapse on 11 August, and, according to Mr. Bowles, not till after that date will the income-tax notices be of any legal validity. The Solicitor-General, however, declares that the regulations are valid from the moment they are made, before they have been "laid" in Parliament. Is not this putting the Inland Revenue official above Parliament? These permanent civil servants are clearly put above the courts of law, because the only appeal from the first decision of the Special Commissioners as to a man's liability to super-tax is apparently to the Special Commissioners themselves.

The short debate on the Regency Bill in the House of Commons was rather suggestive. Is the modern King a mere dummy who must do as he is told by his Ministers, as Mr. Swift MacNeill maintains? Or is he, as Lord Hugh Cecil declares, a free agent who has power to reject the advice of his Ministers, leaving it to them to resign or accept the responsibility of his conduct? In the grave and respectful language of the Constitution the King has the prerogative of dissolving Parliament, of creating peers, baronets, and knights, of appointing the judges, bishops, and all civil, naval, and military officials, and finally of signing or refusing to sign all Bills that have been passed by both Houses of Parliament. How many of these powers does the King exercise on his own initiative or at his own choice? Not one. When the Lords threw out the Budget Mr. Winston Churchill talked a great deal of nonsense about the usurpation of the King's prerogative. The King dissolves Parliament upon the advice of his Ministers; theoretically he could refuse, practically he could not.

The King's power of refusing to assent to Bills has not been exercised since William III., and there is not the faintest chance of any modern sovereign attempting to revive this prerogative. William IV. tried the experiment in 1834 of dismissing Lord Melbourne and sending for Sir Robert Peel; but Peel's Government only lasted six months, and Queen Victoria was too wise to imitate her uncle's foolish example. If, then, the modern sovereign is entirely in the hands of his

Ministers, is he not as capable of discharging his functions at sixteen as at eighteen? And if so, where is the need of the Regency Bill? The answer is twofold: first, that it is well to stick to custom and precedent, unless there are strong reasons for change; second, that in legislation it is safer to guard against what men may do than to trust to what they will do. You might get a boy on the throne who would play the fool and bring about a revolution. By not allowing him to reign until he is eighteen you at all events reduce the risks of nonage. Mr. Holt, a Radical member, raised an interesting point. The Regent (Queen Mary) is not allowed to assent to any Bill altering the Act of Uniformity. Could she assent to a Bill for the disestablishment of the Church in Wales, or in England?

As usual, every reason but the real one was given by either side on Tuesday for taking or not taking a religious census of England and Wales. Nonconformists, and therefore the Liberal party, oppose it solely because they think it would show results unfavourable to Dissent; Churchmen, on the other hand, think it would come out well for the Church. But it would never do to say this baldly in the House, so every sort of plea for and against had to be invented. On merits the opposition to a religious census has really no case, and if it has a little one, it has given that away by allowing a religious census in Ireland. If the State has no business with any man's religion, how can it be concerned with the religion of every Irishman? As for inquisition, no one would be required to state his religion against his will. It would be a voluntary return.

But of all humbugging pretexts the most egregious, coming from a Liberal, is the hesitancy to accept the return as honest. Really, is not a man to be allowed to judge for himself what religion he professes? Your Liberal, the hater of religious tests, would go behind a man's return and inquire into the state of his soul. No doubt there may be strong motives at times for a man's returning himself Church or Chapel, as it may be. A prisoner, as Mr. Burns' delightful story showed, may elect for Church, as that means more services and hymns—a blessed break in prison monotony. "Does yer good, the bloomin' 'ymn", as Mr. Cunningham Graham's prison neighbour remarked to him with a friendly kick. And we can quite believe that in many Welsh and some Cornish villages a tradesman would have strong inducement to write himself down Methodist. It would certainly pay him. But to argue that, because some might make an untrustworthy return, no return at all is to be asked for is purely ridiculous. Of course, such a point has nothing whatever to do with the real opposition to the Bill.

The debate in the House of Commons on Wednesday evening almost had some spirit in it. Messrs. Houlder Brothers, of Newport, have had trouble with their employés. There was a strike, and Messrs. Houlder endeavoured at one stage to settle the matter by importing free labour. Then the Government stepped in. Messrs. Houlder must not land these men because the Government could not protect them. Mr. Churchill and Mr. Haldane, who spoke on Wednesday for the Government, floundered rather badly. In fact, the case for the Government was best put by Mr. Bonar Law. As he pointed out, the Government might have been justified in restraining Messrs. Houlder's men from landing on the spot to protect them. This would have been a legitimate police precaution, and, perhaps, in the circumstances, defensible.

But Mr. Churchill and Mr. Haldane put the matter the wrong way round. Mr. Churchill made it a matter of principle. It looked as if the Government had refused Messrs. Houlder protection in a legal act because it thought the act might lead to riot. Mr. Haldane went even further, and said that a legal act ceased to be legal when there was a

prospect of it leading to bloodshed. Mr. Haldane would have it that it is illegal to resist a thief who breaks into the house because he may kill you; and that, if there were a sufficient number of thieves, the Government might issue an order to householders to suffer robbery in the interests of the public peace. Mr. Haldane and Mr. Churchill should be grateful to Mr. Bonar Law for putting to the House what they really meant. Even as interpreted by him they come rather badly out of it.

The Englishman is dumbfounded by the subtleties of Irish politics. He finds, when he goes into the matter, that it is all as darkly hid from him as the foreign policies of Pomerania or Peru. He has never been able to understand the dividing-line in principle between Mr. Redmond and Mr. O'Brien. The "Westminster Gazette" confessed a while ago that it could not grasp the thing—and here is an English paper which understands and treats scientifically party politics. But not only is there a Redmond and an O'Brien party, there seem to be sections in Mr. Redmond's party. At the General Election there were two candidates at Kerry, one a Redmondite, the other a Redmondite, and now there is an election petition. The case was resumed on Wednesday, and we must not of course comment on the rights of the case—and, frankly, we could not an we would.

But much of the evidence was really fresh and delightful. Swift scoffed at Irish "wit" in some biting lines, nevertheless Irish wit is one of the most precious things; one soon has a surfeit of the professional funny man in England, the pawky Scot, the American humorist. The Irish peasant never disappoints, and with him it is all so naïve and natural. Moynihan, a labourer, said "I was taken in a [motor] car. It was the first time I ever was in such a vehicle, and the ditches were running one way and we were running the other". Another witness was one of Mr. Murphy's supporters, but he seconded a vote of thanks to the returning officer; and he added "Yes, and I would have voted for O'Sullivan two or three times over if I could only have got out of the place safely".

Timothy Quirk was also a Murphyite who says he was taken to the poll by Mr. O'Sullivan's bhoys—"I was met by the crowd, who asked me if I would vote for O'Sullivan. I replied 'Yes, if I had twenty votes I would give them to him'". Serjeant Moriarty: "Were you so in love with him, then?" "No, it would have been to get rid of him." Quirk, by the way, seems to have split his affections between the two candidates, for, asked by counsel whether he was not a Murphyite on the day of the election, he replied: "Begorra, I cannot say, for I promised both of them".

Why will women who think themselves up-to-date crowd into smoking-carriages and smoking-rooms and pack themselves down among strange men who would rather be left alone? It is not up-to-date so much as down-to-date. The women, or many of them, who dressed and powdered up for the sham show on Saturday rushed down into the smoking-rooms or the tea-and-bun shops and chattered ineffably. This demonstration has been described as "imposing". Of course, it imposed on the credulous and weak.

The sight of a lady, termed the "General", riding astride through the streets of London imposes on many people. Flounces, and an immense amount of chatter, and white summer dresses and bouquets of flowers, and so forth, are also very imposing. But he is a greenhorn who really thinks that a woman ought to have a vote because she carries on in this masculine-feminine, or perhaps it should be feminine-masculine, way.

Any excuse is good enough for a show and an exciting day like this. It would be easy to get together, by good

organisation and advertisement, a crowd of ten thousand people to demonstrate in favour of billycock hats instead of high hats, or of button instead of lace boots. We saw little girls taking part in this demonstration. Why not "Votes for Little Girls"? Some of them can ride astride as well as any of their elders, and very pretty they often look, too, whilst riding so. That grown men can lend themselves with enthusiasm to such ridiculous rubbish as these demonstrations and battles of flowers! Fortunately, as a set-off against the hysterical men we have a great number of sensible, clever, and accomplished women who despise the whole of a screaming, giggling, weeping, and scratching movement.

The appointment of Sir Ian Hamilton to the Chief Command in the Mediterranean is sound. The post will suit him. But this appointment and that of Sir Archibald Hunter to the Governorship of Gibraltar on a point of order terribly upsets the rules and customs of the Service. Sir Ian Hamilton is considerably junior both to the present Governor of Gibraltar, Sir Frederick Forestier-Walker, who vacates the appointment in September, and to Sir A. Hunter. Hence, in accordance with all the traditions of the Service, neither he nor his successor can be "commanded" or "inspected" by Sir Ian Hamilton. The idea of Sir Ian Hamilton knocking at the gates of the grim old fortress and asking his Excellency to grant him a temporary permit to enter as a "certified British subject", in order to "command" and "inspect" him, is good. So also with Sir Ian Hamilton's inspection of the Forces Oversea. Where Crown Colonies are concerned, no doubt the Inspector-General's writ will run, but should any Dominions, such as Canada, Australia, New Zealand, or South Africa, feel impelled to be "inspected", they can "invite" the Inspector-General to visit them; without an invitation he is powerless to inspect any of them. But here again, in South Africa at any rate, the present Commander-in-Chief, Lord Methuen, is also senior to Sir Ian Hamilton, and the same difficulty will occur of the junior officer inspecting his senior.

We are of course aware that casuists of the Army Council, in obedience to Mr. Haldane's wishes, and in order to extricate the Government from the awkward predicament in which they have been placed by Lord Kitchener's curt refusal to play the part of a puppet, will declare that there is nothing unusual in an officer being ordered to take command over another, so long as they are both of the same grade, and that it is the prerogative of the Crown to make such arrangements when deemed advisable. But no such special pleading can prevent the employment of a junior officer to command a senior being considered an act of supersession.

There were last week two stampedes of Army horses tethered in camp—one at Farnborough, the other at Netheravon. There must be something radically wrong in our methods of securing our horses under service conditions. That the present methods adopted are those approved of by the Army Council is not surprising—at least judging from results. Whilst questions intimately connected with the interior economy of our cavalry and artillery are under the benign direction of the Army Service Corps, such things will probably happen. That there is a means of tethering horses securely so that they can stand in comparative comfort is known to many of our cavalry experts; it has been tried and found successful both in South Africa and in India. It is one thing to deal with horses in lumbering wagons, as in the Supply and Transport Department, and another, as with cavalry, where the number of horses assembled together may come to thousands.

It takes very little to cause a stampede among cavalry horses; hence the need to tether them on the right principle. In the next war on the Continent, where

huge masses of cavalry are ever concentrated close to the frontiers ready for an immediate advance, the possibility of airships or aeroplanes dropping explosives among a mass of tethered horses will have to be considered. With horses badly tethered, a few small explosives might easily stampede a whole brigade of cavalry. The one small consolation is that if Lord Roberts is right and all the best cavalrymen in the world wrong, and the horse is no longer the "principal weapon" of cavalrymen, the mere absence of their horses under such alarming conditions ought not to affect them much, since they can, at any rate, play at being indifferent infantry with as much of the "true cavalry spirit" as is fit.

What happened to the King's Message to South Africa on Union Day? Lord Gladstone apparently failed to communicate it to the Press, and South Africa's first news of his Majesty's congratulations reached the Cape this week through the English papers. Did Lord Gladstone or his advisers consider the King's Message of less importance than those received from other quarters? or did he imagine it was sent to him personally and not for publication? Whatever the explanation, we doubt very much whether such a thing could have happened in any other part of the Empire. As so many of the Dutch colonists are credited with a belief that peace and all that has followed was the work of King Edward, seeming indifference of King George to the birthday of United South Africa could only be described as peculiarly unfortunate.

The German Emperor has gone to Kiel regatta; so no one need be sceptical of the quite reassuring medical report as to his health. It is a very mischievous thing to whisper evil forebodings except on grave grounds and first-rate information. It is so easy to suggest that something is being kept back, report always greedily devoured by hangers on Royal gossip. The German Emperor works his constitution so tremendously hard that it is not strange that even a slight thing should affect his health.

In the feeling stirred by the Emperor's illness the resignations of two Ministers have passed almost unnoticed. Herr von Arnim's departure will flutter no dovecotes. He bears a name of high repute in Prussian history, but his party can supply many men with an equal knowledge of mangel-wurzels. Herr von Moltke is a man of different calibre. He is one of the ablest bureaucrats in Germany, and has been regarded as a possible candidate for the Chancellorship. It is known that he did not care for office work in Berlin, preferring the more active life of an Ober-Präsident. If he has stayed so long it was because the Conservatives would not let him go, and it is not at their bidding that he has gone now. His departure should probably be ascribed to Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg himself. The Socialists scored off the police more than once during the franchise agitation, and the Chancellor, with his eye on an election next year, is not going to risk any further ridicule.

The business that in the French Chamber corresponds with our debate on the Address is little more than a full-dress occasion for the "notables" to air their views. It is quite in character that the one exciting event in this week of orations was a violent scene about nothing at all. It sprang suddenly out of a passage of M. Chappedelaine about Joan of Arc. M. Chappedelaine said that M. Thalamas had said something or other about Joan of Arc. Instant anger of M. Thalamas, who tried to reply. But M. Chappedelaine would not move out of the light, and immediately the Chamber was divided into two shouting parties—one for and one against M. Thalamas. M. Brisson had to put on his hat, which very nearly ended all orations for that day.

The best effort of the week was undoubtedly that of M. Cruppi. At times he was witty with intention, but

mostly he was humorous without. Humour began when he grew very serious on the subject of Radical disinterestedness. No Radical wanted class legislation. No Radical wanted this or that sort of citizen to be done out of his rights or property. Radicals desired that M. Briand should govern "pour tout le monde". But let him at the same time govern with Radical ideas and Radical doctrines—and above all with the Radical programme; which was first and foremost to defend and exalt as the "corner-stone of the republican edifice" the national école laïque. The école laïque as a result of government "pour tout le monde"! This is quite good even as French politics go.

It might seem that a Spanish Cabinet—put in by a big Liberal majority—were going the way of Republican France when it begins to take action to register the religious societies in the country. When the French Orders were told to apply for authorisation, they were being asked to strip themselves for the benefit of an anti-Christian Government. In France so much was clear from the first; but in Spain there is a difference. The real danger is that in framing their Act the Spanish Cabinet may, without intending it, give it a secularist turn. Wittlingly secularist no loyal Spanish statesman can be. If the Church in Spain goes down, the Monarchy, too, must go. This is so obvious that it is doubtful whether Señor Canalejas is not making a great mistake in taking the matter up at all. Even if the number of Orders in Spain be as excessive as he believes, he may live to realise that some reforms are bought too dear.

Mr. Charles Stuart Parker was a cultivated and industrious man of letters, to whom we are indebted for biographies of Sir Robert Peel and Sir James Graham. Mr. Parker handled the papers of these statesmen with scrupulous honesty and accuracy, but they are not vivacious history; they cannot be compared with the Croker Papers as edited by the late Mr. Louis Jennings for literary merit. Mr. Parker had a treble voice and was perhaps one of the dullest speakers that ever addressed a public assembly. There is a story that Mr. Gladstone once visited Perth, which Mr. Parker represented, and made a great oration, followed by one from the member. After the meeting a local leader was asked what he thought of the speeches; he replied as follows: "Gladstone was nae sae bad; but for reel spairkle gie me Pairker".

The subject of school prizes came up at a meeting of the L.C.C. Education Committee on Wednesday. Certainly the school prize is usually a poor thing. The scholars who are proud to win them are mostly glad to put them away. Worst of all perhaps are the "classics" given for the pupil's good. Either it is a book that betrays, like the "Short History" of John Richard Green, or a book that nobody has read, like Hallam's "Middle Ages". For science it is a book on the Precession of the Equinoxes; and for spelling or English literature (whatever the subject is called) it is Milton's "Paradise Lost". "Paradise Lost" is undoubtedly a fine book. But it is a bad book to begin with, like all the others.

Those who have known the charm of Mr. Selwyn Image's conversation will congratulate Oxford on its new Slade Professor. After all, if a man is to lecture, he should be able to speak, also to write. Many University professors can do neither—possibly they think the more for it—Mr. Image can do both. He is a fine elocutionist with a musical voice and dignified figure. In academicals he has quite a presence. He has practised enough in the technique of painting to understand its difficulties without being absorbed in them. He is a scholar who has always liked irreverent young men and they him. Undergraduates may risk going to his lectures without misgiving; they will get dignity but never dullness. And Mr. Image is a naturalist: which every true artist ought to be but not always is.

THE AUTHORITY OF THE CONFERENCE.

WHETHER the Constitutional Conference results in a permanent peace or turns out to be no more than an excuse for the suspension of hostilities during a period unsuitable for political warfare, time alone will show. Meanwhile it seems to be generally agreed that controversy on the issues under consideration by the Conference should temporarily cease. This may be right or wrong. But it is clear that if the Conference should reach an agreement, the opportunities for effective criticism of that agreement will not be great. The idea, indeed, seems to be that the conclusions of the Conference, whatever they may be, are to be accepted by all parties without demur.

We are not, therefore, surprised that some sections of the Ministerial coalition are uncomfortable at the present situation. The Irish party through the pen of Mr. T. P. O'Connor have issued oracular warnings to the members of the Conference. They are told that they are taking their political lives in their hands, which apparently means that if Ministers arrive at any agreement electorally inconvenient to Mr. Redmond they can no longer count on the Irish vote. So, too, the land-taxing Radicals through Sir H. Dalziel, Mr. Wedgwood and Mr. Martin have declared that, Conference or no Conference, they will have the Resolutions, the whole Resolutions and nothing but the Resolutions. The protest of the Labour party is more interesting because it is a more important body than the Wedgwoodites, and its members are more sincere than the Irish. The Labour pronouncement relies on two contentions. The Resolutions are stated to be the democratic minimum—a statement which at the present moment we do not propose to discuss—and, in addition to this, the right of the Liberal leaders to bind the majority of the House of Commons in general and the Labour party in particular is denied. It is, perhaps, no more than was to be expected that Labour should assert its independence of Liberalism, even on that issue on which they fought together at the last election. There is no reason to doubt that the Labour men are a genuinely independent group, and even if it were not so an admission of their dependence on the Liberal party would be fatal to their political existence.

The other question raised by their declaration is of more general interest. How far are the two great parties in the House of Commons bound by any decision which their leaders may come to in Conference? In theory every member of the House of Commons is sent there to give effect to his conscientious convictions as explained to his constituents at the time of his election. But this theory is subject to many limitations more or less legitimate. To begin with, it is not always that a man can give complete effect to all his convictions. He may be sincerely convinced that a Liberal Government is best in the public interest, and also that one of its measures is in the same interest undesirable. If he votes against the measure, he may destroy the Government which he approves. If he votes for it, he will assist in placing on the Statute Book a measure which he condemns. In times past he had to balance the evils of each course against one another and decide what on the whole was his duty to his country. If he thought the proposed legislation of relatively small importance, he voted with his party. If he regarded it as an evil of the first magnitude, he either voted against it or abstained from voting altogether. In either case his freedom to vote or not to vote as he thought right was on all hands respected. So long as in most matters he acted with his party, no one complained because he could not support them on all occasions. No one questioned the Liberalism of Mr. Lowe and the Adullamites because they defeated the Reform Bill of 1866, or the Toryism of Lord Cranborne, Lord Carnarvon and General Peel because they resisted the Reform Act of 1867. Sir Roundell Palmer gained rather than lost in political reputation by opposing his leader's Disestablishment of the Irish Church. And even so late as the Parliament of 1880 no one suggested that the action of the Whigs in opposing the Egyptian and Irish

policies of the Government or that of Mr. Goschen in speaking and voting against the County Franchise Bill of 1884 was inconsistent with their membership of the Liberal party. All this is now changed. The obligation to vote with the party is held to be paramount to all other considerations, and if a man disregards it he does so at the peril of his political existence. Few will care to undergo that peril. In any case they will not be given the chance of doing so twice. When, therefore, it is asserted that the conclusions of the Conference do not bind the two great parties in the House of Commons the assertion is technically correct. But in practice we have very little doubt that the members, whether Unionist or Liberal, will obediently accept whatever their leaders decree.

That this is the general anticipation cannot be doubted. It is tacitly assumed in every discussion on the subject. And yet a generation ago a suggestion that the two front benches could meet and settle a constitutional question of this magnitude and that their decisions would be unquestioningly accepted by the rank and file would have called forth a storm of protest. In this case we may rejoice at the change of feeling. We may think that constitutional peace is cheaply purchased, if so it be, by one more demonstration of the subservience of the modern House of Commons to its parliamentary chiefs. But do not let us therefore shut our eyes to the facts. If the bonds of party discipline are to be drawn as tightly as they are at present, one of two results must follow: either the House will be reduced to the level of the Electoral Colleges in the United States and its only function will be to choose a Cabinet and thenceforward to register its decrees; or else members will seek freedom in a multiplicity of groups. In the first case the House will obviously consist of nonentities, and the chief recruiting-ground for the great offices of State will have to be sought elsewhere. The whole basis of our Constitution will be changed. It will cease to be parliamentary and will have become plebiscitary. If, on the other hand, we are to have more or less numerous groups, the two-party system, perhaps the most fundamental convention of our Constitution, will have ceased to exist. In either case great, even revolutionary, changes in the House of Commons must be looked for in the near future.

The truth is that the House of Commons is quite as much on its trial as the House of Lords. The attacks on the Lower House are not confined to one class or one party. Mr. Snowden and Mr. Jowett have publicly denounced it as it at present exists quite as vigorously as any financier or aristocrat. All over the country there is a growing dissatisfaction with the rigidity of the party system and the consequent domination of the party politician. It is much to be feared that those who have worked so assiduously and so skilfully to establish the supremacy of the party machine have in doing so seriously shaken the very foundations on which the present Constitution rests.

THE AUSTRIAN FACTOR.

EVEN in England, where little interest is taken in what happens in Europe east of Berlin, the opening of the Bosnian Diet is realised as something of an event. It marks the climax of a policy pursued with equal patience and success. It is also evidence of the real strength of the Austrian dominion. The circumstances of the annexation were only too likely to be provocative of disorder, but in less than two years the new provinces are bidden take their place in the roll of nations composing the Hapsburg Empire with a system of government akin to that restored to the devotedly loyal Tyrolese. Further, of all the recent experiments in pouring Western wine into Eastern bottles this has the brightest prospects. The balance of parties in the Diet agrees with their actual influence in the country. No group feels slighted; the Diet knows precisely what is expected of it; and if Bosnia should turn out to possess even one man of true political aptitude, he can hardly fail to come to the front.

These are points worth noting by students of practical statesmanship, but the Bosnian Constitution is also of more general interest. We all know that Francis Joseph is the head of a great Empire. But what sort of an Empire? What is the spirit which animates it? What is its soul? These are questions which ought to be asked of every State, and the answers to them are more illuminating than all the statistics of numbers and wealth and trade, and supply an even better criterion of real power than parade of troops or battleships. The spirit of an Empire, like the spirit of a man, is shown by acts. The spirit of the British Empire stands revealed for all to see in great legislative achievements such as the Indian Penal Code or the British North America Act. Nobody can read these documents, or even read about them, without getting an idea of what the British Empire means. By our fruits we are known. So, too, with Germany. Just at present the best minds of Germany are profoundly interested in the character of the forthcoming Constitution for Alsace-Lorraine. It is perfectly true that the provinces could get along very well as they are now. But the Constitution will show the stage at present reached in the struggle of the Parliamentarians of the Southern States against the bureaucrats of Prussia, and for that reason it will deserve careful study far beyond the borders of the Reichsland.

The Bosnian Constitution is an admirable illustration of the spirit of modern Austria and is the outward sign of all the development that has taken place since the days of Metternich. Modern Austria is not parliamentary like England, nor bureaucratic like Germany. It is best described in a phrase which is almost a contradiction in terms: it is a constitutional despotism. Not a despotism of the type now established in Constantinople, which seeks to cover itself with a constitutional disguise; but a despotism which quite frankly avails itself of constitutional instruments to discharge its work. The supreme authority rests with the Crown, and the Crown avails itself of constitutions to get into touch with its subjects. Francis Joseph at Vienna cannot maintain direct contact with the mass of his people in Bosnia-Herzegovina, but he has no difficulty in dealing with some seventy gentlemen at Sarajevo. His main concern has been that the Diet should be truly representative of the people. Where election seemed an adequate means to this end he has employed it, where it seemed likely to fail he has not hesitated to fall back on nomination. In the result he gets what he wants. Every section of the people is duly represented. Through its spokesmen it can state its claim, while the debates in the Diet will afford each party a fair chance of measuring its opponents' strength. Having thus provided himself with an index of public opinion far more astute than any press, and having made it certain that he will hear all sides, the Emperor will do what he thinks fit.

Such is the new régime in Austria, which in the history of the working out of parliamentary institutions will certainly receive a chapter to itself. The whole scheme is characteristic of the peculiar Austrian quality of assimilating new ideas and transforming their spirit while maintaining their form, wherein lies the secret of the Hapsburg rule over a congeries of nations. Every people is thus made to feel that its own prejudices are duly respected, while at the same time it becomes an organic part of the Empire. This last manifestation of the traditional quality is the invention of the Emperor himself, and on it is based his chief claim to greatness. The scheme was suggested to him by the progress of the conflict with Hungary. The Magyar Parliament does not represent the whole population of Hungary, but at least it represents an important section, and in its quarrel with Vienna it could not unreasonably claim to have a people behind it, while the Austrian Government was backed by nobody but bureaucrats. Francis Joseph countered this with the brilliant notion of going behind the bureaucrats and meeting his people face to face. The grant of universal suffrage in Austria has been a complete success. Not only has it added to the prestige

of the Crown, but it is putting an end to the chronic squabbles which disfigured Austrian Parliamentary history. The representatives of the people have come to see that it rests with them to say whether the Emperor's government shall or shall not be carried on, and the upshot is that although the fall of the Biernath Ministry has been predicted almost daily for several months, the Imperial influence has prevailed, the Budget has been passed, and other pressing matters duly disposed of. It is no wonder that Francis Joseph is anxious to extend the same system to Hungary, and it may be conjectured that if the situation is well handled, a great extension of the Magyar franchise will come.

The final triumph of the new policy is not yet, but already it is impossible to regard the Austro-Hungarian Empire as rent by internal dissensions and consequently negligible in its foreign relations. Domestic harmony, though not yet completely attained, is in sight, and at the same time a new generation has grown up. The men who are now coming to the front in Austria are fully aware of the great traditions of their country, but have not lived through the humiliations of 1859-1866. It is their desire to see their Empire acknowledged by all the world as a great Power with a policy and a will of its own, and nothing could be more repugnant to them than the suggestion of perpetual subserviency to Berlin. In the heir to the Throne the forward party has a leader of ability and influence, and the events of 1908 show that the Emperor himself, with his accustomed firm grip of facts, has recognised the need of bolder tactics.

The reappearance of Austria as a prime factor in the Councils of Europe would be an event at least as important as the creation of a United Italy and must profoundly influence British policy. Our statesmen are not given to the intelligent anticipation of events, and there is certainly something to be said for waiting on them. After all, the new Austria will collapse like a house of cards if the wearer of the Crown proves unequal to the responsibilities of his position. The Emperor is old, his destined successor is one of the most enigmatic personalities in Europe. Who can say what the future will bring forth?

Perhaps, however, the future is not so doubtful. The Archduke Franz Ferdinand has won a reputation for capacity, and nothing in Austrian history is more striking than the universal regard for the wearer of the Crown. Francis II., the last sovereign of the Holy Roman Empire, was not distinguished for his competence, but his hold on the affections of his people never weakened, as witness the devotion of the Tyrolese whom he abandoned. The present Emperor has truly said that in order to know what is or what is not possible in Austria you must govern it for fifty years, and a caveat from so authoritative a source must not be disregarded. At the same time, a Conservative people is not likely to prove false to its past, and it seems safe to assume that the Austrians will trust their Sovereign implicitly as long as they can.

All things considered, there is every reason for expecting activity in Vienna. What line is this country going to take? We began badly with unjustified abuse. We still maintain a suspicious attitude, chiefly from the belief that Austria means Germany, a result our Government's Bosnian policy mainly promoted. But Austria played her own game in the autumn of 1908, and the sooner we realise that we have an independent Empire to deal with the better for our statesmanship. There is no obstacle to the best relations with the Hapsburg monarchy. We have no territorial interests in the Continent of Europe; Austria has no territorial interests outside it. We can of course force her to build a Mediterranean fleet which shall threaten our communications with the East. But there is not the slightest need for us to do it. What are we to gain by keeping Austria at arm's length? Surely what we rather want is to get back to the old and traditional friendly relations.

BI-SEXUAL SUFFRAGE.

ON Tuesday Mr. Asquith received a deputation of suffragettes at 10 Downing Street. We believe that the deputation entered his house by the front door, and that it was received with all the due formalities. It came to ask the Prime Minister to grant facilities for the discussion in the House of Commons of a Bill to grant women who now possess the municipal franchise the right to vote in a parliamentary election. Mr. Asquith listened attentively, and his answer was as pleasant as could be expected from a man who disagrees. The deputation then left the house in the ordinary way.

Six months ago this would not have been believed. But the suffragette movement is now almost respectable. Picketing and window-smashing are of the unhappy far-off things, best forgotten. For the moment all is moderation. The suffragettes urge their moderate Bill in a moderate way. Their plan now is to put us all in good humour. This little Bill they ask for—they would coax it out of us. A procession may not be an argument; but effectively managed—with colour, movement and incidental music—it has a taking way with the crowd. Saturday's procession signified nothing except the wish to please. We already knew that the suffragettes had money and were cleverly organised, and that they were well up in all the ordinary tactics of agitation. We knew also that their following ran well into five figures. Here was nothing new. The new thing was the way in which the show played to catch the ordinary man, so loudly despised by the militant bodies a few months ago. Almost the show was good enough to follow a Lord Mayor. There were mounted Amazons, ex-convicts, martyrs, massed bands of learned women, and working women and women from beyond the seas—all according to their leagues and banners and with occasional charades. Good management and a sure eye for cheap theatrical effect reaped their reward. The crowd was not altogether taken in. It was critical, but indulgent. It did not cheer the cause, but it clapped the varied "turns" in the performance. The Bill was a moderate Bill, and the women were making themselves agreeable. Certainly the suffragettes are wise in the change. They have gained almost as much by good behaviour since the Bermondsey bye-election as they lost in the six months that preceded. Already they have coaxed the Cabinet into giving them a second reading for their Bill. But can this good behaviour last? The Women's Freedom League has threatened to relapse if the Bill does not go through; and Mrs. Billington Greig said on Saturday that if the Bill were thrown out they would "break the Cabinet to pieces". Mrs. Fawcett—for all that her deputation entered by the front door—did not scruple to threaten Mr. Asquith in his own house with what might happen if the women were again "disappointed". Meantime, it is the cue of the militant sections to behave well while the Conciliation Bill drives in the thin end of the wedge. But all this moderation is on the surface. Mr. Shackleton, in introducing the Bill in the House of Commons, did not disguise that it was regarded by all its chief supporters as a mere instalment. The Bill is the minimum on which all can agree, and the maximum they can hope to get as a beginning. Its very terms show it to be simply an instalment. A Bill that admits some women to the franchise, while it excludes all women lodgers and women owners and ninety per cent. of married women, is plainly a makeshift beginning of a more extreme settlement of the question. The moderate man who is caught by the Conciliation Bill will run downhill further and faster than he intended.

But we admit we are not much influenced by the stock arguments against woman suffrage. There is, for instance, the argument that women should not vote because they do not fight, or because they cannot be policemen—this in a country where men have voted for a century who neither do fight, nor could nor would fight if they were asked! It is said that if women get the vote there will be an end of the Army

and the Navy and the Empire. Women, it is argued, may be very capable in some ways, but they have no gift for the larger considerations of policy. Foreign politics, questions of peace, of war, and of armament—these are beyond them. Every word of this applies equally to the ignorant man, and not at all to many well-educated women. As to the contention that women are unfitted for public life because they are less practical than men and more easily led away by sentiment or imagination—that is sheer nonsense. No one who believes that ever observed women. Women are more purely practical, more entirely economic, and less easily led away from the matter-of-fact view of a question than most men. There is no reason why a woman should not make a very successful President of the Board of Trade or of the Local Government Board. Invidious distinctions between the sexes are at the root of most of the unsound argument on both sides. The suffragette bases her case largely on an imagined sex war in which the woman is alleged to be oppressed and exploited by the man; and the anti-suffragette bases her case on distinctions between the sexes which are often in absolute contradiction against the facts. We begin to get nearer the kernel of the matter when we come to an argument that takes a rather different line. This argument has been heard a good deal in connexion with the present Bill. Are not the million women who would be enfranchised under this measure fully as worthy to exercise the vote as many men who have it now? Are there not many men voters vastly inferior in position and attainments to many women who have no vote at all? We agree. This, which seems so fine an argument for woman suffrage, is the chief reason why we oppose it.

Certainly there are many men who have the vote to-day under the present franchise with neither the wisdom nor the training nor the will to make a proper use of it; and this seems to be an excellent argument for refusing to extend the franchise still further and admit a fresh horde of undesirable voters. The Conciliation Bill may be put aside. It is, as we have seen, a thin end; and, though the thin-end argument is often contemptible, it is not so in this matter of the franchise. We have to expect a succession of "reform" Bills, each one admitting to the franchise a greater number of unfit men than the one that went before, till only criminals and idiots are left out. If this Bill passes, when the unfit men come in as many or more unfit women will have to come as well. The chief argument against giving women the vote applies equally against giving more men the vote; which is that it takes a great deal of time to vote if the vote is wisely exercised. The pronounced democrat does not admit this. Anybody who can make a cross is able to vote in the opinion of a real democrat; and there is no reason why Dartmoor should not have its member. We look at the vote a little differently. It is not a question of listening to a few speeches and going to the poll. It is a question of serious training and a question of time. Many men and most women have not the time to vote as they should. Let them leave the duty—for it is a duty and not a right—to those who have. Man-and-womanhood suffrage means but one thing—the absolute supremacy of party bosses, and a shameless dressing of the party window to catch the mob. The women's Bill must be opposed on these broad grounds—not because it enfranchises a few women of the better sort, but because it opens the way for further encroachments upon the franchise. Let us keep the suffrage, so far as possible, to those who have the time to do their duty by it. We are opposed to votes for women as women because we will have nothing to do with votes for men as men.

THE MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.

ONE cannot help wishing that instead of just a conference for the comparison of notes and experiences there could be a true Church Council to discuss and settle certain great lines of missionary policy. Missionary work necessarily involves many very

delicate questions of what we may call broadly human policy, also of international relations. The attitude of Christian society and of the Christian teacher to the non-Christian races, and the attitude of one Christian society to another in the face of the heathen and of their missionary agents one to another in the mission field obviously ought not to be left to any private societies, still less to individual missionaries, nor to particular denominations, nor to branches of the Catholic Church to determine for themselves. These are matters for Christendom and the world. There ought to be a common Christian policy which the secular Governments of the world could know and reckon on. Then where the Christian missionary policy touched—as at many points it must—the sphere of secular government and international relations, the Church and the states would be better able to adjust their positions to the gain of order and peace and without prejudice to the supreme work of proclaiming the Kingdom of Christ. What can be more humiliating to a Christian than the reflection that in the great spiritual campaign to bring the non-Christian peoples of the world within the Christian pale Christendom has no means of taking common action; that there can be no concerted and thought-out plan of campaign; that on the contrary the campaign is carried out piecemeal and largely haphazard, Christian forces overlapping here and entirely lacking there; Christians not only not always supporting but sometimes actually thwarting one another? We do not doubt for a moment that if ever the total of Christian energy now put into missionary work were organised from a single centre and worked on a plan directed by one, or a few, of real ability and fiery zeal, the rate of progress in Christianising the world would be inconceivably increased. If a man is a Christian at all, he cannot be content that the great majority of the world should still be outside Christendom. He can hardly help feeling that it is at least a painful presumption against the claims of Christianity that it has not been able much more than to keep pace with the expansion of the European peoples which were brought within the pale many centuries ago. This is not really more than a puzzling presumption or an ugly sneer, because in proportion to the force put into the field success amongst non-European races has probably been quite as great as in Europe in the early days. If it is an effective argument at all it is rather as evidence of falling-off in Christian zeal than of want of result from the zeal that has persisted. Both the Church and the world are apt to think, because in a very few pages of the New Testament they read of the spread of Christianity from a tiny society in Jerusalem to all the great cities of Asia Minor, to Athens, and to Rome, that the Roman Empire became Christian in a few years. This is, of course, entirely false perspective. Like everything else that is born to become great and to last, the kingdom of Christ had very small beginnings upon earth. The true history of the beginnings of Christianity need not make the modern missionary despondent at apparently small results. He may rather be despondent at small efforts.

Somehow or another neither the religious nor the indifferent person in this country has great regard for missionary work. Some, of course, have; giving to it freely both their money and themselves; but neither the Anglican Church as a communion nor any of the Protestant denominations puts missionary work in a prominent place, certainly not in the place that logically it must hold. From the Christian point of view it cannot be gainsaid that the prime duty of the Church is to win over the remainder of the world to Christ. "What?", as the Duke of Wellington answered to a sceptic of missionary usefulness, "are your marching orders?" Yet our Church has left this prime work mainly to irresponsible private societies; pecuniarily it is supported out of precarious voluntary offerings. So far as we know, no missionary work is charged on regular and permanent Church revenue. Neither, on the whole, are the men who take up missionary work of calibre equal to the clergy at home. This seems to us all wrong. It may account for many of the weak-

nesses in the work of missionaries so constantly, if cheaply, criticised by the layman in the same parts. That the indifferent, the mere man of the world who does not mind religion at home and may even regard Christianity as a good English institution, should be impatient of missionary work is intelligible. Everybody, he thinks, is free to have his own religion; probably one religion is about as good as another; and he does not see why anyone should trouble to interfere with the religion of niggers. Why not leave them alone? Then when he sees that sometimes missionary work may be unwisely carried out, is the occasion of a massacre or brings about friction between two nations, or if he hears of a case of an immoral missionary or a fool who outrages the feelings of some highly civilised race, then, of course, his general coldness to missionary work becomes active dislike and the case against it proved. This sort of opinion the Church can never conciliate, and need not wish to, because it starts from a point of view opposite to the Christian. There is no common ground. Still this criticism should not be ignored, for it does not infrequently discover many weak points which could be mended.

It is at present hopeless to expect a common Christian missionary policy. The Catholic Church is one but it cannot act as one—a very painful paradox. Anything like an authoritative and plenipotentiary Christian Council is out of the question. All that can be looked for is a better understanding of one another's methods which may result in a general approximation and improvement. The Missionary Conference at Edinburgh has been an effort in this direction. We cannot see that there is any need or indeed any excuse for confusion or mistake as to the nature of this conference; except a person was taken in by the name, which ought never to have been used. It was not and could not be a World Conference. But it was a great gathering of Christians from many and far parts of the earth. They could meet together only to compare experiences and to make suggestions; there was no assumption that any communion represented was compromising or sinking its peculiar views; there was no suggestion of undenominationalism. It happened that the Greek and Roman communions were not represented; it is a pity they were not. But to argue from their absence that the Anglican Church could not appear at this conference without sacrificing its distinctive catholicity and making itself a Protestant denomination and nothing more seems to us bad logic and hurtful guidance—hurtful to Catholic Christianity. We do not see why an Ultramontane Roman Catholic could not be there without abating one jot of his claims. His presence would have made no admission that his conscience could not allow. Neither Greek Churchman nor Roman Catholic would have the smallest objection to discussing matters of missionary policy or comparing experiences in private with either Nonconformist or Anglican. Why should he hesitate to do it in a purely non-committal conference? Whether the conference will or was likely to have results in fact is a different question. We can only hope it will. We have no great belief in conferences, from the British Association or the Church Congress down to the Teachers' Summer or Winter Meeting. These recurring parties are not business, though they amuse busybodies. The Missionary Conference was on a different plane. A new idea, it might stimulate new thought. If result in action is wanted, deliberation should be transferred to a strong and small committee.

In the future we hope the Anglican Church will take in hand the organisation and direction of missionary effort and make it an integral part of the ordinary administration of the Church and put it in every way on a level with work at home. It must be taken out of the hands of private societies and put under direct episcopal control. All the voluntary work now available could be turned to account equally well under episcopal direction. If it is said this would break the bishops' back, then there must be more bishops and they must be less busy.

Effort must be made to get better-educated men to

undertake missionary work than the average man and woman who undertakes it now. In every area there is wanted at least one man of equal calibre with the best men we have at home. Many of our present missionaries could better do much of the work here than what they are trying to do abroad. To send men not highly educated and not gentlemen in manner to preach to educated Orientals is foolishness, if not worse. Missionaries sometimes fail in consideration to those they would convert : they do not take enough trouble to understand their point of view ; especially they do disastrous mischief by insulting their religious feelings. We are now speaking, of course, of civilised peoples. Dealing with savages, they sometimes push a mischievous policy of Europeanising their converts. Surely the right thing is rather to seize on any common ground an ancient native custom affords. Christianity and European civilisation, which is compatible with a great deal of vice, are not at all the same thing. The half-Europeanised half-Christianised native is not a happy product.

Lastly, has it not become a practical necessity to establish spheres of influence amongst the different Christian communions working in the same country? The unseemly jealousies and sometimes actual fracas between rival Christian settlements must be hurtful in their example to the native as well as embarrassing to the civil governor. This sort of thing gives the enemy cause to blaspheme.

We are not afraid to insist on these weak points in practical missionary work ; we might be, if the case for the missionary were not from the Christian point of view unanswerable and established to the unprejudiced onlooker by balance of results to the world. No statesmanship, it is true, will avail if the right spirit is wanting ; but human aid has not to give up because it stops at the Divine.

THE CITY.

WITH the end of the half-year approaching, it was hardly to be expected that the Bank rate would be further reduced on Thursday, but hopes ran high, and the City could not repress its disappointment when the directors decided to make no change. A movement is only deferred—it may come next week, and certainly cannot be delayed beyond the Thursday following. With the turn of the month money should be extremely easy, and it will be impossible to reconcile for long the great disparity between the market rate of discount and the official minimum. A recognition of the position is seen in the recovery in Consols. In one day the price rose $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and there has been a further appreciation since. Such a movement in Consols is so unusual nowadays that it has attracted quite a large amount of attention, and various are the reasons ascribed for it. We think it is unnecessary to look beyond the monetary position to find the cause. Financial houses will need to find employment for the money which must accumulate with them in the next few weeks, and they are anticipating events by buying Consols now. It is practically the only security which meets their requirements, and for the first time since the present Government came into power there is an inclination to disregard the chances of its value being affected by Ministerial doings.

The latest advices regarding the wages dispute on the Grand Trunk Railway go to show that the leaders of the men are not so unreasonable as was at first reported. Their demands, in fact, seem so moderate that the company cannot well refuse to meet the claims. By doing so the addition to the wages bill will probably amount to between £70,000 and £80,000 per annum. This is not a small item, but in view of the expanding revenue it should not seriously prejudice the dividend prospects of the Third Preference stock. Still, it is an item of some importance, and should check the optimism of "bull" operators, which is apt to run riot. It should be remembered that the line is so dependent upon the extent of the crops that it is always exposed to big fluctuations in traffic, and that a single year

of prosperity is no assurance of permanence. The Hudson's Bay report makes satisfactory reading, and the proposed additions to the Board should infuse the blood into the company which it has long needed. An undertaking of such ramifications needs a directorate of more than ordinary intelligence and experience, and in the new members will be found financial talent and trading acumen. We shall probably have a revival of the proposal to split the shares, but there is no reason why the directors should comply with the wishes of a few speculators.

Rubber shares are looking stronger. The market is still suffering from indigestion as a result of the recent surfeit of new issues, but it is gradually absorbing the shares, and with the prospect of the raw material coming into better demand prices are likely to take an upward turn. Oil shares, too, are firmer. There have been attempts to prejudice investors by statements that the Russian Government is opposed to foreign companies working in the Maikop field, but the facts do not support these assertions, and provided there is no interference there cannot fail to be a big return from the industry. A few of the companies working in the district are probably over-capitalised and bound to fail as dividend-earners, but many are established on a sound basis and will give a good account of themselves. There is an ever-growing demand for oil, and the Chairman of the International Maikop, Limited, is probably correct when he says that "the more oil there is produced the bigger will be the demand". In this respect oil is like rubber.

A revival in Rhodesian mining shares has been a feature of the week, and it coincides with the "introduction" to the market of the shares of the Lonely Reef. The company would seem to have a promising property, but we object to the shares being marketed at a big premium.

INSURANCE.

THE MUTUAL LIFE OF NEW YORK.

FOR some reason which we cannot altogether understand, the public appears quite unable to view insurance matters in anything like true perspective. A curious illustration of this has come to our notice recently. Some time ago certain annuitants in the Mutual of New York took out policies in the Law Guarantee and Trust, guaranteeing the payment of the annuities in the event of the Mutual failing to do so. Any such failure on the part of the Mutual has been quite literally unthinkable by any rational person for at least fifty years past. The Law Guarantee has failed, and the people who paid the premiums have merely lost their money : the loss is doubtless infinitesimal, but the absurdity of the transaction would be amusing if it were not regrettable that so much ignorance prevails. A second fact of the same order was told us by an official of an English office. The Mutual issues a number of extremely large life policies, partly perhaps because people accustomed to deal with financial matters on a large scale are the best able to appreciate the quality of the Mutual's investments and the character of its policy conditions. It is the custom of all insurance companies to reinsure with other offices some part of exceptionally large risks. As a rule, the reinsuring office undertakes to guarantee the bonuses and other conditions of the original policy. The bonuses and the conditions of the Mutual policies are such that some first-class British offices decline to take these re-insurances, owing to their inability to give the same terms. It is to the credit of these English companies that they refuse to do so, since it might mean giving better results under the reinsurance contract than they could give to their own policyholders. It is somewhat unsatisfactory to know that second-rate offices, which, however, are perfectly sure to fulfil their legal obligations, constantly guarantee the greatly superior results of first-class offices by accepting re-insurances. This can only be done by the policyholders in the second-rate offices having their bad results made still worse by exceptional terms being given in special cases. It

would doubtless be highly inconvenient if reinsurance of this character could not be placed, but we are by no means sure that inferior offices are justified in undertaking to give the same results as prevail in the best companies.

The report of the Mutual for 1909 shows that the new policies issued during the year assured nearly £21,000,000, that the total premium income exceeded £10,000,000, and that the assets amounted to more than £115,000,000. The rate of interest earned on the funds was £4 14s. 6d. per cent., which, since the liabilities are valued at 3 per cent., provides a large margin for bonuses.

The Company now declares bonuses annually on a basis which endeavours to distribute the surplus in accordance with the contributions made to it by the various policyholders. In carrying this plan into effect the bonus is made up of two parts, the first of which is derived from the surplus interest earned upon the reserves held against the policies, and is the greater part of the difference between the 3 per cent. assumed in the valuation and the 4½ per cent. earned upon the funds. Since the reserves are larger for policies at high rates of premium than at low rates, and for policies of long duration than for those of short duration, assurances that have been long in force and are of a kind that involves a high rate of premium receive very large bonuses. The second source of surplus is contributed by the difference between the provision made for expenses and the expenditure actually incurred. Here again the older policies receive the larger share, since the expenses of new business are necessarily large, and they are in effect charged against the policies during the early years. These methods are not only fair as between different classes of policies, but have the effect of greatly increasing the bonuses on policies of long duration. Once the method of bonus distribution is understood it is just as possible to calculate what future bonuses will amount to, assuming the present rate of profit is maintained, as it is to estimate future bonuses on the supposition that a simple or compound bonus at a uniform rate is continued in the future.

The company publishes particulars about its future bonuses, which in certain cases we have checked. We find that the figures given fall short of what the policies would amount to on our calculations, assuming that future bonuses are declared at the same rate as at present. This rate has been steadily improving for some years past, and the increased interest earnings and greatly lessened expenditure account for the improvement in results that were formerly good.

In spite of the highly profitable nature of these bonuses, the most attractive feature of the Mutual policies is to be found in the various guaranteed conditions as to surrender values. We have continually laid stress upon the importance of policy conditions of this kind, and have given examples of the great differences that exist between the terms of various offices. The Mutual carries liberality in this connexion to a greater extent than any other office whose working we know, and by doing so has removed the one valid objection to life assurance hitherto existing, which is that, while it is excellent if policies become claims by death, it involves considerable loss if it is found necessary to discontinue the payment of premiums. Under such policies as those of the Mutual a man can stop paying premiums when he likes, and will find that he has had full value for his money in the protection provided, in the compound interest earned upon his savings, and in his share of the profits of the office.

"C'EST LE GRAND PRIX!"

C'EST le Grand Prix! All Paris is on its way to Longchamps, and fervent prayers go up to the threatening clouds; prayers that they shall not weep on the great spectacle of the year; the most picturesque function of the world; the climax to "la Grande Semaine," which, the moment the last race is run, leaves fashionable Paris "énevée" and gasping for sea

air. The boulevards are impassable with a swift stream of cabs, motor cars, omnibuses and chars-à-bancs, and the people who cannot afford to ride cheerfully walk. And the cochers are rude and demand impossible prices. They refuse to bargain: "C'est le Grand Prix!"

"Confound these robbers!" exclaims a friend from London. "Let us join the crowd." So we make a risky plunge from an island into the stream of vehicles, and clamber on to a passing wagonette, a huge thing with six prancing horses. The boy on the step is at our side in a moment. "Five francs each!" says he, firmly determined that there shall be no chance of escape or room for argument. He proceeds to go the whole round of the rolling vehicle, hanging precariously on to the side, and protests arise everywhere. A young lady travelling alone refuses to pay. "It is an outrage", she protests. "Five francs! Here are three." The boy is brusque. "Five francs, or will you take yourself down?" "C'est le Grand Prix!" The young lady consults her purse—and gets down. "Blood-sucker!" she cries from the road.

On we go, avoiding the racing stream of motor cars and smart "équipages" up the Champs Elysées, and taking a roundabout route along the quays of the Seine. Racegoers, stout Papas in panamas and stout Mamas in feathers hail us from time to time, climb on board breathlessly, and fall into the trap. "Five francs! C'est une infamie!" "Non! C'est le Grand Prix!" returns the boy. They are too tired to get down, and their new yellow boots are tight; so we roll on with a full load at last through Auteuil and on to Longchamps.

A franc at the gate, and we pass the little soldiers on guard and enter the "pelouse", where tens of thousands of Parisians in family groups crowd round the booths of the pari-mutuel, or eat sandwiches on the grass, or scream to little Pierre and little Marthe not to stray. We push through the multitude—where hearts are beating high at the thought of what may hang on a five-franc bet—and, paying another nineteen francs, enter the "pesage". Here is quite another Paris. The President has just arrived and, with republican simplicity, the world of fashion is clustered round his box. There are "mannequins" in wonderful costumes from the Rue de la Paix. There are real ladies dressed so wonderfully that it is impossible to tell them from the "mannequins". At the booth where only forty-pound bets are taken a long top-hatted line is waiting patiently; Frenchmen and Englishmen all dressed correctly, and with only an occasional American breaking away from strict convention and wearing a soft hat and whatever else he pleases. Officers in brilliant uniforms are everywhere. On the flower-studded lawns, under the trees, beautiful women are chatting to cavaliers. My friend, who knows every big racecourse in the world, gazes silently. "It is wonderful", he says. "C'est le Grand Prix!" I reply.

Time passes, and the first races have been run. The great event is at hand, the race for the biggest prize ever offered, and the air is full of rumours. Everybody has a "sure thing", but everybody really is in the dark, and the flimsy betting slips issued from the pari-mutuel reveal nothing. The Frenchmen are troubled about the English horses, and the Englishmen do not know what to think. But gold pours into the pari-mutuel all the time, and the officials peering through their little windows are impassive and inscrutable. Like croupiers, they are accustomed to this feverish pursuit of elusive fortune, and take as little interest in it. "C'est le Grand Prix!" and they are extremely busy handling all this gold, and that is all. So the crowd looks at the parade of horses, wonders who is the charming lady talking to the President, and crowds to the skyline on the top of the grand stands to see the great race. More crowd in at every moment. It is impossible to move an inch, but the view is wonderful. The earth seems to be full of people. But that is not all. "C'est le Grand Prix!" and the air is dotted with a dozen balloons. And over from the forts at Mont Valerien, which barked long and vainly at the Germans during the siege, a great military airship comes manoeuvring against the wind.

But we do not envy the spectators in the air. The clouds, which have peppered us before, now break in real earnest just as the horses are prancing at the starting-gate. The rain drops down in a sheet. On the "pelouse" tens of thousands of umbrellas shoot up together, and the earth seems to be hidden under a square mile of tortoises, shifting uneasily in the heavy downpour. On the grand stands it is a massacre of silk hats. Thousands of people struggle to raise their umbrellas, and then, with the view of the course completely blotted out, the shout goes "They're off!" And then another cry, an angry shout, arises: "A bas les parapluies!" The great race is being run and nobody can see it. "A bas les parapluies!" becomes a sustained roar. An old French gentleman, a "bon sportsman" of seventy, who has no umbrella, foams with rage. "Mon Dieu!" he shouts, "does one come to the Grand Prix to look at umbrellas? A bas les parapluies!" Umbrellas drop one by one, although the pitiless rain continues, and at last through a sheet of falling water we dimly discern the horses scampering on the horizon. The old gentleman, however, is no better off. One umbrella remains aloft, and it is just in front. A young man, wearing a bowler hat, holds it. His is the only bowler hat in the solid ranks of dripping toppers. "Mon Dieu!" the old gentleman shouts again, "did I come here to see your umbrella? I wear a silk hat of thirty francs. It is already a rag. You, with a sacré chapeau melon——!"

Another roar goes up. The field in a bunch is coming round into the straight. There is a medley of cries, and amongst all those excited thousands the old gentleman is the only one who cannot see the horses as they race to the post. It is too much. "I have five hundred francs on Negofol", he screams, "and I will see him win!" The young man under the umbrella rounds on him: "Go, old camel!" he says, and turns to the horses again.

It is the end. The old gentleman leaps upon his compatriot, grips him by the throat, punches him hard, and as the horses thunder past the post the two disappear. The crisis over, the people pick them up and pull them apart. "What has won?" asks the old gentleman. "Verdun" we reply. The old gentleman, his collar torn, his cheek scratched, his trousers all mud, lifts his battered silk hat to heaven. "A bas le Grand Prix!" he cries.

DRAMATIC VALUES AND A SUGGESTED SOLUTION.

BY HERBERT TRENCH.

BOUNTIFULLY endowed indeed seems, at first sight, the nature of our dramatic world—able, like the Goddess Diana of the Ephesians, to nourish at once upon its hundred breasts a progeny infinitely various! Why this talk of a Repertory Theatre, you may say, when on twenty-two boards you get this prolific variety of fare for London?

The fallacy is patent; but let us review the state of affairs.

Last night I sat at the Court Theatre, watching the first performance in London of Mr. Yeats' playlet "The Green Helmet". How enchantingly remote his art is! how subfusc, how subdued and submarine, with its bare windows looking forth on a green body of twilight waters, and its monstrous dim heroes declaiming ballad metre and swimming about in their mythical element—magnified and slow-moving and prodigious forms! In the midst one saw the horned green helmet flung on the floor—a centre of contention and finally a test for self-sacrifice. Cuchullin himself risks headlessness first to wear it, and then to save his fellows.

All the familiar features of Mr. Yeats' submarine art are there: its studied simplicity, its lack of dramatic vitality, its lyric beauty, its dignity, and scorn of popularity. Then the playlet ends; and we are watching Lady Gregory's rambling realistic comedy "The Image". Again the background is that eternal Gaelic background of the ocean. For the true Gael's post is on the edge of one world looking forth for another. In

Mr. Synge's and Lady Gregory's plays, unlike Mr. Yeats', the Gaelic remoteness is a remoteness of to-day, of wild Galway villages by moonlight on the sea-shore. Their peasant talk has almost the Tolstoyan largeness and simplicity and vivid humour. Its themes are the large ones of life, death, love, the crops; and of what men should be most admired. In Lady Gregory's case, amid its bitterness of theme there is a frequent warmth, a magnificent geniality. Hers must be a nature rich in humanity, experience and sympathy.

The public commanded by plays about Galway villages is a small one. The scope of Galway sentiment and eventfulness is too narrow to offer London a widespread satisfaction. The Londoner tires soon of mental dialect. These people are to him quaint and curious as chance-stranded seals crawling in-land. They will not interest him long.

Then my indolent reflections turned to another type of play, the beautiful revival of "Trelawny of the 'Wells'", with its tender Thackerayan sentiment; perfect as only a pastiche can be—a Bartolozzi print in colour of vanished modes and manners. By what a gulf is it separated from the Irish play-writers! The comedy of Sir A. Pinero fits the urban middle-class mind like a glove. The god of Sir A. Pinero is not Romance but Probability; and he performs his delicate task of charming the civilised with the perfect ease of adequacy; so that in his train flock audiences in very satisfactory numbers.

Or turn to the Shaw school of play: a play deployed not by action but by argument; a wavelike fugue of opinions—mutually destructive and formlessly melting one into another—acute and irresponsible controversies without conclusion. This wavelike fugue is the trace of the Gael's sea-shore in the mind of Mr. Shaw.

Next, one thinks of the higher type of play such as those of that English Brieux, Mr. Galsworthy, or of the Shaw of an earlier manner, the Shaw of "Candida" and "John Bull's Other Island", in which a single intellectual thesis is passionately sustained.

Finally there starts into the mind the delectable "Bad Girl of the Family", which I saw yesterday, full of a sort of bastard lyricism and false emotion. Here, too, as in Yeats' "Green Helmet", the creatures are monstrous, but they are monsters of absurdity. The spectator feels a kind of sinking of the heart at the piteous childishness of the stuff. What planet do I inhabit, he feels, that my neighbours can be amused at this mixture of appeal to semi-nudity, sensuousness and prayer; in which all is over-emphasised, over-painted like the steady applause-hunting glare at the gallery from the footlights of the persecuted heroine? What desperate purleus of Suburbia are indicated by the existence of a public for these plays? Hordes of minds of the mature, arrested and stunted at the age of thirteen.

But, you will say, it is a far cry from "Strife" or "The Green Helmet" to "The Bad Girl of the Family". And how blithe is all this variety! Evidently the foster-goddess of our drama is that exuberant Diana.

And yet, and yet—there persists in our indolent mind a feeble discontent. Of course we must put up with the fact that the popularity of a play, and its consequent success, bears no relation whatever to its merit. "The Bad Girl of the Family" will outrun a hundred "Candidas". That must be expected amidst our immature civilisation. And it would be churlish to deride the pleasures of a mob.

But what, surely, might also be expected is some effort (and effort is being made) on the part of the enlightened to shelter and make more stable the higher forms of dramatic life.

At present it is the rarer and more delicate plants of Art that we leave the more exposed. Can we arrive at any criterion of value, a sense of scale, in order to choose what we should preserve? I think so. The main gleam of light on our present chaotic situation lies in the fact that the popularity of a play does not vary inversely with its merit. Of course it is absolutely certain that the most popular plays will always

be bad plays. But it is not less assured that there soon comes a stage in the scale of values in which we arrive at the good play which is also popular.

There is, in fact, I believe, an unfailing criterion of merit. All plays worth anything must embody a true lyric idea; and their merit is proportionate to its strength. By "lyric idea" I mean an organic form of emotion which shall exhilarate.

For let us resume in groups the result of our wanderings, and take plays in what I imagine to be the order of their decreasing popularity.

They will be found to range downward from plays which require no effort of intelligence at all, to plays which require most effort. But it will be noticed, on the other hand, that the least popular plays are by no means the best. The best plays, if I am right, in the decreasing Scale of Popularity, occupy a central position. Thus :

POPULAR.

Group A will be violent melodrama of "The Bad Girl of the Family" type. Here the audience is immature and effortless. The lyric idea is bastardised; the story is raw. The public for this class of play seems wholly unlimited in numbers.

Group B is Musical Comedy. It displays a lyric idea as exiguous as the ladies' dresses. The charms of light, music and legs outweigh the absence of plot; effortlessness is well-nigh complete; and the public for it immense.

Group C : The Comedy of Manners, of Sir A. Pinero and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. The lyric idea is stronger; but of a polite type.

Group D, the Great Play, in which the lyric idea is paramount; balanced by intelligent construction, and that simplicity of form which insures width of appeal.

Such plays are Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac", Synge's "Playboy of the Western World", "Hannele", Ibsen's "Pretenders", "Le Gendre de Monsieur Poirier", "La Course du Flambeau", "Julius Caesar", "Hamlet", and possibly even, with its new child-uttered irony, "The Blue Bird" of Maeterlinck.

Plays of this character are really popular, and the criterion by which they may at once be detected is, I submit, the strength of the lyric idea.

UNPOPULAR.

Group E : Plays of Ideas, such as Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession", Granville Barker's "Waste", and Galsworthy's "Justice". In these the lyric idea is overlaid and overcooled by intellectualism. It has not kindled insight equal to the problem stated. These cool, clear-headed, gloomy dramatists are noble hewers at the virgin rock; social reformers before they are artists. Their precursory art is in that symbolic stage which is less adequate than suggestive. They have immense rough symbolic value; but their popularity must always be less than that of Group D dramatists because their chilly expression of the lyric idea is, as in the symbolic stage of all art, either unimpassioned or inadequate to the lyric idea itself.

Group F : Finally the Over-Tragic or Æsthetic or Poetic play, such as Mr. Yeats' "Green Helmet", belongs to a class of a popularity even less than those of Group E, partly because the medium of expression, though beautiful, is too remote; partly because the lyric idea in itself not really robust, or because, though the lyric idea itself may be, as in Mr. Masefield's "Nan", superb, its exhilaration is drowned by over-tragedy. Innumerable other plays, such as the Greek classics, of course, fall, for us, into this class, despite their inherent greatness, by reason of their remoteness of race and religious ideas.

Now, if my rough analysis be true, it is plain that Group D plays need no aid nor shelter. But Groups E and F do need both, because, while unpopular, they contain elements of value. How, then, in the present bitter economy of the world, can they be preserved? They can be sheltered only by two means. The first method is that of a Repertory Theatre, in which no

long run is expected, but in which the bill is varied by the performance of several plays a week.

The second method is by means of a Theatre of ordinary "straight run", which shall be partially endowed.

Taking the Repertory Theatre first, only the dull and unreflecting will argue against the need of repertory on the ground that London is already provided, on twenty or thirty different boards, with all the variety of dramatic fare it needs. Variety is the least of the gifts of a repertory theatre. What is aimed at, above all, is quality. And the reasons why quality cannot be expected in an ordinary London play are purely financial. Under the overwhelming pressure of rent and recent economic conditions, a West End manager, though he may combine in his luckless person the aesthetic gifts of a Michaelangelo or a Goethe, cannot afford to risk mounting a play which has not, in his judgment, a probable run of at least three months in it. It must be such as will, within a limited time, be sure, in his opinion, to appeal to, say, a hundred and fifty thousand persons. Therefore this archangelic being is driven, willy-nilly, if he is to continue in solvency, into a hunt for the popular play. The same pressure weighs on all good London theatres. The result of it is, with one or two exceptions, a general squalid uniformity of dulness, falsity, and imitation.

But since the finer and subtler orders of play, such as those in my Groups E and F, may well be such as to appeal only to a far smaller audience than one of a hundred and fifty thousand, these plays may well have only a fortnight or a month's public, and yet well deserve to be performed. I refer to plays like Mr. Galsworthy's "Strife", Rostand's "Princess Lointaine" or Mr. Masefield's "Nan". And such plays can only safely be undertaken at present when the programme is of a repertory kind. If then the economic pressure be as adverse as I have stated it to be, it is folly to expect any variety of standard at the congeries of existing London theatres. What you will get, at your twenty-two theatres, under the appearance of variety, is merely the same deadly uniformity, spread wider and wider, of a popular plane of taste.

Further, a repertory theatre affords great chances of development and refreshment to actors jaded by our present plan of monotonous long-run. But the practical difficulties of the repertory plan are great: extreme costliness through the need for additional advertising, to explain the change of bill to the public, and for cartage of scenery; complexity and laboriousness for the theatrical staff; and unattractiveness for authors, who lose the profits of long-run royalties.

We alight then, finally, on the straight-run method in a Theatre partially endowed. How easy it would be for a group of wealthy and artistic men to relieve some one first-class theatre, for instance, of the burden of rent! (Rent often amounts to £200 a week.) It would then instantly become possible to risk producing in the evening bill plays of the rarer classes E and F, in alternation with those in group D; because bankruptcy would not stare the management in the face, even if a series of plays ran for a month or six weeks only. Then, and for the first time in London, it would become possible to provide a drama both of variety and of quality. Long runs would not be debarred, but they would not be absolutely required; and authors might be appeased for their shorter runs by higher proportionate royalties.

I think the method of partial endowment is the better and the more feasible. Its attractiveness lies in its simplicity and economy of capital and labour. And I know that a very lofty and beautiful level of work and of drama might so be maintained in London.

SUMMER SHOWS.

By LAURENCE BINYON.

IT is impossible to keep pace with all the exhibitions at this time of the year. I should have liked to write, while it was yet on view, about the Whitechapel exhibition which has just closed, for it was something

to remember. It is not too late even now to congratulate Johannesburg upon acquiring so splendid a nucleus as the collection formed by a group of donors and shown in the upper rooms at Whitechapel. But while congratulating South Africa, we must commiserate ourselves, who lose some fine things that ought to have found a home in the Tate Gallery. That the Chantrey Trustees should have ignored a picture like the Corfe Castle of Mr. Wilson Steer, an artist represented in the Uffizi but in no public collection of his own city, is truly a scandal. One can understand, perhaps, their not having the courage to buy the large decorative composition by Mr. John, even if they liked it; but a work so full of English nature and so much in the central tradition of English landscape, a work which is not only a vigorous personal expression of the painter's sense for light and space and moving cloud, but fuses with that a sense for the character and history of the country, giving the picture a kind of national sentiment and appeal—a work like this has quite exceptional claims upon those who are supposed to be forming a collection of modern pictures for the nation. But the Whitechapel exhibition as a whole was an object-lesson of great interest. One felt all through it the strong factor of intelligent choice. Very diverse types of the art of the last twenty years were represented; it was no partisan collection; but work by almost everyone who really counts within that period was to be seen, and sometimes the best work. Why not appoint Mr. Aitken Chantrey Trustee, with a free hand to work his will?

Among the pictures at Whitechapel was Mr. Sargent's early work "The Three Misses Vickers". Obviously the design of a strong and confident master, it looked strangely dead and lustreless, so far as surface and pigment were concerned. And many I think must have been struck with a misgiving as to the future aspect which time will give to some of Mr. Sargent's recent canvases. I confess to being far too ignorant of technique to be able to prophesy, and I doubt if painters themselves, considering the disastrous mistakes made in the past, know with certainty what time will do. The craftsman's intimate knowledge, based on generations of settled practice, has been lost. But one would like to know. Among the "Fair Women" at the Grafton Gallery there are several paintings which cause one to reflect on this question, besides the group of Sargents. Will the portrait of Mrs. Langman (No. 30) ever acquire the beautiful quality of the "Mrs. Barnard" (No. 29)? And then the further question rises: Ought one to wish that a painting should preserve its pristine aspect, with all the freshness of the master's touch on it, or that it should win from time the tribute accorded to precious materials, that final bloom of surface such as nothing but years can give? Mr. Strang in his "Tea Table", as in his family group at the Academy, has evidently counted on the convenience of the future to harmonise the stark force of colour which now looks almost disagreeably bright and strong: and no doubt he does not count in vain. But, after all, the "patina" of age is not a mere extraneous addition, it is a charm brought out by time from what is latent in the picture, and depends on the actual handling of the pigments more than on anything else. No amount of keeping will change a poor wine into a finer wine. And this handling of the pigments depends largely on mental habit and preference, on that instinctive and intimate love and understanding of his materials which an artist can never acquire from outside. An interesting example of difference in surface and handling is the contrast between the new Crome at the National Gallery and the famous Constables hanging in the same room. The "Haywain" and the "Cornfield" were painted to communicate breezy sunlight and the freshness of dewy foliage, but how little of light wells from the pictures now in comparison with the radiant glow of the "Poringland Oak", where, above and beyond the nature rendered, we feel the felicity of the painter in the means of rendering it, his pleasure in getting beauty from mere oil paint!

Ricard, an artist almost unknown in England, was

one of the comparatively few painters of the nineteenth century in whom the passion for beauty of material was not suppressed or diverted by other preoccupations. The group of his pictures at the Grafton Gallery is one of the most attractive features of a choice exhibition, perhaps the best of the series which the International Society has provided. There are weaknesses begotten of experiment in some of Ricard's work, but what subtle truth and animation in the portrait of mother and child (No. 63), what beauty and character in the oval of the young girl's head (No. 60)! In these there is a kind of inner life which makes many of the contemporary portraits look painfully external. In the centre of this group by Ricard hangs one of the few works by Puvis de Chavannes in this country, "La Pêche", and one well worthy of his fame. On the opposite wall is the celebrated and sumptuous portrait of Mrs. Bischoffsheim by Millais, and beside it an unusual Courbet—a girl gazing into a mirror and drawing her fingers through the masses of her lustrous red hair—which makes one think at once of Rossetti and of some searching-eyed early Fleming. Among the quite recent paintings there are excellent examples of Mr. Nicholson, Mr. Lavery, Mr. Charles Shannon, Mr. von Glehn, Mr. Kelly, Mr. Walter Russell and others. Mr. Francis Dodd's two portraits claim particular attention for their sober strength and fine colour; and Mr. Philpot's portrait of Mrs. Emil Mond, rejected (so it is said) by the Royal Academy, shows this young artist's remarkable and increasing power. Mr. Ricketts' "Cleopatra" has, I fancy, been worked upon and improved since it was first shown. I do not know why Mr. Ricketts does not carry out some of his paintings on a larger scale; for assuredly such a design as this, with the dying queen supported by her handmaids and gazing up at the calm colossal statue towering in the twilight by great pillars, would only gain in impressiveness by enlargement and by completer execution. As it is, it impresses by its dramatic conception, which gives character to the colouring no less than the composition. Among the sculpture the large plaster bust and still more the statuette of a Naiad by an Italian artist, Arnaldo du Chêne de Vère, whose name I never met before, struck me as remarkably individual and of real beauty.

At the New English show the undercurrent of influence from Mr. William Rothenstein is still perceptible, though less obvious than it once was. Mr. John is finding his imitators. But Mr. Orpen shows the strongest work. He is emphasising more and more the Irish character of his favourite themes, though one of the best things he exhibits is a portrait of a fellow-artist, Mr. Rich. In the large nude study "A Woman" there is something of the tendency to what it might be unkind to call literalism, which is often apparent in Mr. Orpen's extreme accomplishment. It is a tendency which he himself seems to be conscious of and to escape from by various experiments. Just now he is affecting a light, transparent manner of painting for certain of his outdoor subjects, but this does not seem to be wholly congenial to his natural gift and way of seeing things. Mr. Connard's brilliant "Little Ballerina" is one of the pictures that stay in the mind. There is a group of trenchantly vivid Venetian studies by Mr. Sargent, in whose steps Mr. von Glehn closely follows. It is a pleasure to note the growing mastery of Mr. Holmes' landscapes. No other landscape-painter among us has so strong a sense of design. Mr. Holmes is never content with repeating a success, he is always alert to deepen, chasten and enrich his art. He has found a splendid subject in "The Ridges of Saddleback," and made of it an impressive picture, full of the spirit of the mountains. There are many pleasant things among the drawings and water-colours, mostly by artists of familiar name. I would call attention for their serious promise to contributions by Mr. Wyndham Tryon and Mr. Elliott Seabrooke.

Mr. Elliott Seabrooke's drawing of a bull, showing set in most wolf-like jaws to extremely majestic threatening of countenance, this is to remember what a bull always does when it wants to make war on dogs or cattle, especially a to ruff at bottom.

THE DIVINE MOZART.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

THE gentleman who, going to the Zoo for the first time and seeing a giraffe, complained that it had no trunk was the ancestor, the spiritual begetter, of the good critics who do not find Mozart at all up to date. It was in vain for Dr. Chalmers Mitchell to explain that giraffes didn't have trunks and that what the gentleman had heard of and expected to see was an elephant; and it is greatly to be feared it is equally useless to point out that Mozart never set up as an imitator of Richard Strauss. "Eet eccc no-o uze" remarked Mlle. Alice Verlet in "*Il Seraglio*"; and those are my sentiments entirely with regard to the people who blame Mozart for not waiting to be born until about the year two thousand and ten. Yet, despite them, Mozart, like nature, is "creeping up". In Germany he had never crept down: it was a sad part of the everlasting cussedness of things that his true successors had most to fear from, and had to fight hardest against, his most stalwart upholders. Or if, after all, the case is that Wagner's earlier opponents merely affected an admiration for Mozart, just as the later ones pretend to prefer Verdi and Brahms, at any rate at no time did anyone who wished to be considered sane venture to say that his sun was set, his day over, his music "a little passée now". Only in England are things like this done. On the one hand the old-fashioned and thoroughly bad critics gloried in scribbling such nonsense; and, on the other, few devout Wagnerians dared to say a word for Mozart, the greatest master of music since Bach and one of the most glorious and lovely spirits that ever clothed itself in human flesh. To read some of the pestilent twaddle printed lately apropos of Mr. Beecham's Mozart festival one would imagine England the hub of the musical universe and Mozart universally forgotten because here he is not remembered. However, even here he is, as I said, slowly "creeping up". Twenty years ago Mr. Bernard Shaw enforced his claims in some of the most brilliant articles that ever came from even that corrosive pen; not quite so many years ago his pre-eminence was asserted—not without undisguised scorn for, and considerable mockery of, Bennett and Co.—in this Review; within the last few years a speech by Mottl, thanking God for this "heaven-sent man", staggered the tag-rag and bobtail of the discredited exponents of the old style of criticism; recently Richter, in delicious ironical reference to our backwardness and self-complacency, declared that Mozart "had a future"; and finally we have had Saint-Saëns devoting three afternoons to Mozart's concertos and we have this Mozart festival. At the moment of writing Mr. Beecham has given us two operas, "*Il Seraglio*" and "*Figaro*", and "*Cosi fan tutte*" is announced for Friday the 24th.

No one of these is so splendid a masterpiece as "*Don Giovanni*"; all three are very great. "*Figaro*" of course has been done in recent times with all the pomp of the Italian absurdities which have been tacked on to it during the century-long reign of inartistic nuisances like Costa. Well do I remember Mr. Randegger's frantic struggles to waggle his stick fast enough to appear in step with an orchestra that was thoroughly enjoying keeping up with high-spirited singers who knew how Mozart's music should be sung. More vividly still do I recall the pianoforte chords he interpolated at unexpected moments—presumably because he felt he must do something to earn his fee. They fell on our ears like sudden buckets of icy water on our backs—the recollection makes me shudder. I have sat through many other representations, here and abroad, but never one to compare with Wednesday evening's. "*Il Seraglio*" was good on Monday, but not so good as at the previous dress-rehearsal, and far behind "*Figaro*". Of course "*Il Seraglio*", while not a work on the same level as "*Figaro*", is at the same time much harder to play rightly. It is the joyous product of Mozart's radiant youth—he wrote it as early

as 1781-2: nine years before his death—and as the libretto is a more or less preposterous farce he often throws himself with reckless gaiety into mere horseplay and tomfoolery. Stage-horseplay should be entirely relegated to the circus, the music-hall and the "musical comedy" shows—it jars sadly when accompanied by Mozart's divine music. At least two of the critics who do not laugh at Mozart because he did not score for sewing-machines and lawn-mowers remarked anent Monday evening's performance that some of the artists exaggerated the comedy element in their parts. Frankly, I don't think any of them did—consciously. The fault lies with old Father Time, who has carried us away from the point whence our forebears looked at the humorous on the stage, and left us stranded on a point far removed, whence what once seemed natural and laughable now seems merely forced fun and stupid. Between the lovely strains, for instance, so charmingly sung by Miss Maggie Teyte, and the action, or rather actions, there is an incongruity our ancestors did not feel. Music which, if sung in an oratorio or a mass, would move many to tears, and cause them to raise their eyes to heaven in pious ecstasy, seems misplaced when it accompanies a successful attempt of two people to send a very fat man sprawling on the ground. The defect lies in ourselves, the fault with Time; and we must adjust matters as we best can, each for himself. "*Il Seraglio*" is the old artificial comedy with what sense that form ever possessed taken out. None of the characters must be taken seriously. Selim, a pasha who has already some thirty very handsome wives (they come on the stage, so we know), tries to coerce his latest capture, Constance, into marrying him. He says he "bu-r-r-n-s" for her, as though he had been trained at the old Surrey Theatre or was a Scot pronouncing the name of his National Bard. As he cannot sing—at least Mozart gives him not one note—and indeed does not seem to care for music at all, since he sits down with a dejected if resigned air whenever Constance displays her vocal gymnastics, she prefers a rising young tenor; and all ends happily. It might easily have been one of the innumerable librettos on which composers have wasted their time and pains; but the "dæmon of music" was so strong in Mozart, and his unparalleled dramatic instinct led him so unerringly to seize upon every opportunity, that we have a masterpiece in which a tide of marvellous music sweeps irresistibly from beginning to end. The greatest thing is the finale of the second act, which, as rendered at the rehearsal, was sublime, and, at the performance, almost, but just not quite, sublime.

"*Il Seraglio*" shows that many influences were working on Mozart in his twenty-sixth year, and working with extraordinary strength. He was by a very long way the most original of the composers; no other wrote such a quantity of noble stuff that was purely himself. When he got to know the music of Handel and Bach he at once digested and assimilated it: it became part of his spirit as the food we eat becomes part of our bodies. But in the "*Seraglio*" we see undigested chunks from Jornelli's wearisome masterpieces; there are scraps from Hasse; and the hand of Gluck is felt in a hundred passages. Such obvious resemblances as that of more than one of Constance's songs to "*J'ai perdu mon Euridice*" count for nothing: the opening phrase of that immortal melody was old news when Gluck wrote it. But there are undisguised copies of the recitatives of "*Orpheus*", "*Alceste*" and "*Iphigenia*" in each act of "*Il Seraglio*"; and though these things are incorporated with miraculous skill, they are at once recognisable as pure Gluck: they have not been assimilated. "*Figaro*", in this respect, as well as in many other respects, is a vastly different work. The "*Seraglio*" is the spontaneous outpouring of a boyish heart, though the stuff is put on the paper by the hand of a consummate master: "*Figaro*" is not less spontaneous, but there is no hint of boyishness in it. In four years Mozart had become Mozart: everything that a musician could know had passed through the apparatus of his mental digestion: we can hear that he knew all

the music written up to his time, and yet, so completely and exclusively is his music his own, he might never have known a note of another man's music. "Il Seraglio" would stand as the masterpiece of a lesser man; but by the side of "Figaro" it shows as an immature work. "Il Seraglio" is the work of an astounding boy; "Figaro" is that of a man as great as Shakespeare. All the laughter of the "Seraglio" is in it, but blent with the laughter we have that sure and certain indication of a great humorist, immortal tears. The sadness of Mozart's laughter cannot be matched unless we go to Shakespeare. To adapt the stale old adage, we laugh at Mozart's antics in "Il Seraglio", but we laugh with him in "Figaro", and if at the end we are left with a slight sense of sadness, well, does not all life leave us with a slight sense of sadness? The laughter is human. Beside "Figaro" all Rossini's comedy seems heartless, all Offenbach's rather brutal, all Sullivan's inane. Wagner's one so-called comedy, "The Mastersingers", is really not a comedy at all, but a most delightful picture of mediæval life in a mediæval township, with touches of farce added. "Figaro" remains and must remain for a long time the world's finest and most beautiful and touching comic opera. Those of our readers who had the opportunity of hearing the glorious rendering of it by Mr. Thomas Beecham and his colleagues will remember for ever and ever the endless variety of the thing—not automatic monotonous changeableness—the inexhaustible wealth displayed without a touch of ostentation. It is, I remarked, an easier opera to play effectively than "Il Seraglio", because it has none of the disadvantages of "Il Seraglio". Its fun does not depend upon horseplay. All the same, allowing for that, the representation was infinitely superior to that of "Il Seraglio". There was only one slight fault in the orchestra—at moments the strings did not give the woodwind a chance when all depended on the woodwind. Miss Maggie Teyte was a pleasing Cherubino, though she was a little too chary of throwing bits of seriousness into her work. Cherubino is by far the most difficult rôle in the opera: the mixture of seriousness, boyish irresponsibility and boyish amorousness is anything but easy to interpret. The Countess and Count, Sussana and Figaro, and indeed all the other parts were excellently played. It was such a performance as I have never heard before and hope some day to hear again, though one dare not hope to hear it very often.

JETSAM.

BY LORD DUNSANY.

ALL of us walking at some time by the sea have met with jetsam of one kind or another: a shabby hat, that knew towns, blown wondering to sea from some ugly esplanade; a derelict boot, that trod pavements, now marching, listless, with tides; some decayed piece of timber come from beyond our guessing; a fragment of a bottle; one half of a rotten fish; unseemly all of them, uninteresting, except after some rare storm when a piece of a mast or an oar may come, like the chorus of an ancient tragedy, vaguely implying doom. Jetsam is dignified then, it is like some princely plenipotentiary then, coming to us with formality from some foreign imperial court to bring the tidings of an emperor's death. For the rest it cumbers the beach; things that have ended their use, things that survive their purpose, such is jetsam. There is nothing more symbolical than this of that unhappy tale that the angels sigh when they weep and tell of Man.

A strange and mournful history one might write if one sent one's fancy down to the beach one day to play with all the lost things that she found there; old kettles whose songs are sung, forgotten toys of children grown up and gone afield, and I know not what else besides. For such things a god should be found from among the forsaken gods, Osiris, say, or Baal, and he should be carved along the cliffs wherever jetsam is found, and the cast-off things should take comfort at the sight of the cast-off god.

There is also jetsam thrown by ideal ships upon metaphorical seas. Such are old railings, or a statue perhaps, found green and mossy in some rural place, but which long ago stood in London. One might almost think that by putting one's ear to them one would hear the roar of the traffic as children hear in shells the storms of the sea. How such things recall to one in the country spaces that metropolitan galleon sailing the sea of time, and never dreaming of storms that shall one day wreck it, in spite of the evil name all sailors give that sea. And as galleons far at sea and out of sight of the land find sometimes logs of driftwood floating from isles of spice, so there approaches London at times a wagon of hay, with its odour of open meadows and its rumour of the hills; to be hauled on board with joy by the people of London.

All things cast up upon coasts that know them not are full of romance or pathos, of romance if broken or fallen from some costly or beautiful thing, of pathos if merely ugly, quite useless and cast away. The sea of time constantly flings on to our rocky era little, strange beautiful things, flings them and pounds them still. It is the slender things that survive most easily upon that beaten shore, small songs and delicate rhyme; as frail pink shells survive when ships and harbours are broken; even so when wars are forgotten and the kings that they amused, there lingers still some idle nursery rhyme with the sound of the roar in it of some time far off and with the taste upon it of time's infinite sea, and curtains are drawn at once from windows in the mind to look on the goings forth of man in beautiful doomed ships.

As one walks along the Present which is the beach of time, and as one watches the centuries rolling in, one may find all manner of customs beautiful with the sea, and shabby customs long battered out of use, or some worthless things cast overboard from cities in time to escape their doom. From such cities long since doomed and with all hands wholly lost there come to us rumours sometimes, like tunes of Spanish songs sung long ago upon galleons unseen on the sea at night and heard on some Kentish headland by a shepherd alone with his dog and hummed by him in the market and taken thence to the town; like such a tune sung on in inland villages long after the fishes have gone in and out through the admiral's gilded cabin, appears to me the rumour passed down from man to man that Darius in Babylon had hanging gardens to the wonder of the world.

But if we gaze at this sea too long we shall be caught by the tide. Yet that is in any case of all things the most certain; the cliffs of destiny wholly hem us in, they are beautiful in the morning lit by the rising sun, but they grow darker and darker as evening falls behind them. And therefore let us run swiftly along the shore and gather pretty things or build sand castles and defy the sea, for those mutable waves are coming up the beach and sweeping away the children's paper ships and sweeping away the navies of the nations and curving their beautiful crests and calling for us. We shall be out there soon with Nineveh, to drift perhaps to some Hesperides, or find ease in happy isles; for this sea is a sea of our fancy and so not limited by continents or the boundaries of the world, but floats off singing and whispers round the stars, and drifts its mariners beyond their borders to peer beyond even them and to see Hope there dimly, sitting sightless and gray, with one old tale for her children and singing still.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. SICHEL AND PROFESSORS CROSS AND NETTLETON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

22 June 1910.

SIR,—You print two more long letters from two American Professors about my "claims". Their tone, at any rate, hardly commands itself, and I must assure both of them that any mistakes made in my books are not wilful, and that I am not a Machiavelli. The one will take my word that I knew nothing of his 1904 edition

of Sterne's Works, which I now learn is not in the British Museum, though he still harps on it; the other, that I was unaware of his Bibliography to Sheridan's "Major Dramas", which seems his main contribution to this subject. For "Sheridan" I only required MS. information from the Museum, for I was well equipped with books otherwise.

It is not the case that I only consulted quite recent works. For instance, I studied the Whitefoord Papers (1898) for myself, and made my own use of them. The same holds good of the British Museum manuscripts, which I took and applied direct. I steeped myself in Sterne's works and letters from the original editions, and I read Hall Stevenson, and his continuation of the "Sentimental Journey". Though I acknowledge obligations to Professor Cross in many details, he seems vexed that I am the first to find the bearings on Sterne and his wife of the letters contained in Mrs. Climenson's "Elizabeth Montagu", which is a more recent work. Because, in the relationship of Mrs. Sterne to Mrs. Montagu, "grandmother" stands for "mother" in a note, he speaks of things being "twisted"; half-cousins, they called themselves cousins, and I so call them: that they were related is new to Sterne biography. If (which I doubt) Professor Cross can prove that the autograph letters (mentioned on pages 29, 281) are not "new", he is welcome to do so. The book depends on the fresh sap that it seeks to infuse into the dry bones, and not on "claims" which are not many, or vehemently pressed.

Professor Cross still appears discontented with my answers about that wretched old "Journal to Eliza", which I gladly give him the credit of publishing for the first time in his American edition, of which both I and my critics were ignorant. Yet not only have I set small store by priority of transcript, but, save inferentially, and in a general paragraph of the preface beginning "Fresh matter assists these pages" and ending "while the entire Journal to Eliza speaks for itself", the book itself makes no claim to have published the "Journal" for the first time. Its Appendix does, however, reproduce it for the first time in England. Acting on my mistaken belief that it had been reproduced nowhere before, my publishers so announced it. Directly I realised that it had been so announced in America as well as in England, I wrote, frankly explaining the facts and expressing my regret, to the "Athenaeum", in reply to a recent letter from your new correspondent, Professor Nettleton, then zealous for Professor Cross alone. I have since written on this head to correct a flattering review which lately repeated this mistake elsewhere.

Professor Cross now brings forward some other instances of "claims", chiefly in matters of illustrative evidence. The "new letter" from Sterne to Blake was taken by me direct from the original autograph, which its owner kindly allowed me to copy. I was quite ignorant that Mr. Fitzgerald had included it in his "Sterne", and this ignorance at least instances how little I had read him. The "Garrick" note, I took from an old facsimile, again being unaware that it had been already produced. Professor Cross only cites his own American edition of Sterne's works as containing the whole of this letter; the other biographers he names do no more than mention it, he says, or cite parts. In both these cases, however, I of course surrender any "claims" to first production; but I do not agree that a first production of such documents constitutes originality. The essence of my book is its presentation of Sterne's individuality: its new sidelights on his character and his wife's, its arrangement, comments, interpretations, and criticisms, its ideas and personal expression. Doubtless, every zealous writer is glad to think that he has discovered new material, but if occasionally he may not have searched widely or closely enough and turns out to be mistaken as to some of it, that is not a crime, and if he is mistaken in unessentials it is doubly pardonable. Professor Cross' third point about a letter cited on page 151 (copied, as I state in the footnote, from an old number of the "Archivist")

beats me. He himself admits that my statements are correct. I mentioned in the note that Professor Cross had only quoted one sentence from the letter, and I cited others which are in point. As regards the slips which he troubles to add, I naturally regret them, but they do not seem to be vital or to amount to very much; and are there no such mistakes in my predecessors?

Now for Professor Nettleton, who seems almost to presume that I had seen his book, though I am sorry to say that I never even heard of his name till he wrote to the "Athenaeum". Most of his strictures and "Will he deny" refer to the Bibliography which forms one of several appendices to my far more studied volumes on "Sheridan", and is a mere fraction of so long and complex a work. There are two, however, outside bibliography, and I will deal with them first. The "literary parallel" which he charges me with filching is a line from Congreve's "Old Bachelor", which I cited in connexion with the "Rivals", adding that the plagiary-hunters seem to have missed it. That citation came from my own knowledge. For the purpose of "Sheridan" I read through, marked and noted the Restoration dramatists and, let me add (among other things), all Beaumarchais also. If he had glanced at the footnote on the preceding page he would have found an original note on Congreve's servants, including one from the "Old Bachelor", and the first volume abounds in quotations (verified by footnotes), from Congreve, Wycherley and Farquhar. Mr. Sanders, whose monograph I read some years ago, does make use of the line in question, and at this distance of time I cannot be quite certain whether when I wrote "which the plagiary-hunters have missed" I did or did not bear him in mind, for I certainly do not regard him in that light. But I don't think that I did, and, in any case, my quotation was first-hand. If any fair-minded reader should think that this phrase means that I was the first to pick out a very obvious instance from Congreve, I will gladly change it in any future edition; my two long volumes do not depend—no real books do—on such minutiae. Why, Sir, how niggling and captious and petty all this is! Not long ago I received a cutting from an American newspaper giving the same criticisms by Professor Nettleton on my book. Yet he there says that "it is a work of real importance to students of R. B. Sheridan and his period. With zeal, and usually with care, the author has sifted" etc. Secondly he challenges the meaning of my statement in the Preface that for the first time Sheridan's political career had been "pursued". This claim and this word for it I do not relinquish. Throughout, his full parliamentary voice is audible, and he appears at full length on the scene. I never said or meant that previous accounts were "negligible", but I do venture to say and mean that, owing to exceptional opportunities vouchsafed to me and to the time and trouble bestowed, I have given a completer and a different picture. Anyone who compares the sequence and illumination of my second volume with previous accounts—the more modern ones all sketchy—will, I believe, bear me out. To single out a few points only, the whole Coalition episode, the Regency imbroglio of 1789, the two Warren Hastings speeches, the position during Addington's Administration are treated very differently from the prior accounts, and the correction of old blunders and confusions was not the least of my labours. When I made a most exhaustive study of the period and tried to present the whole as the drama that it was, I had the great advantage of all Sheridan's political notes and of a vast mass of other matter, including the Duchess' Diary, which I discovered. I say nothing of art, style or insight. That my book as a whole is original and originative both in treatment and research has been acknowledged.

Lastly, as to matters bibliographical. When I wrote in my Preface that I had collated the MSS. of Sheridan's plays "with every known and some unknown editions", I was, of course, thinking of editions in Sheridan's lifetime, which are the only ones in point, because afterwards the differences of text do not matter. The sole list which I used and acknowledged was Mr.

Anderson's Museum one. I wish I had known of Professor Nettleton's; but I did not. I have now compared a copy of his list of early editions of the "School for Scandal" with mine, and find that of the purely British ones, he apparently misses three of mine (1786, 1797, 1799), and I, two of his (1787, 1792); that I give, which he does not (among others), the rare English edition published in Paris (1789), and, moreover, that he gives as an edition of the play what is an edition of a parody (1783) while he omits another parody (1784), and has not arrived at the approximate date of Ewing's first edition, first brought forward by me. I dare say that mistakes have arisen in so thorny a concern as a long bibliography embracing much outside the plays which are the Professor's proper sphere, and I dare say, also, that some printers' errors remain; but of course I resign any of the few "claims" denoted by asterisks that are not warranted. Professor Nettleton, whom I thank for pointing these out, will admit that my Bibliography of the published works contains new items, while that of Sheridan's unpublished works, which I could now supplement, forms an entirely new contribution.

Professor Nettleton, when he wrote recently to the "Athenaeum", suggested that I ought to have known from Professor Cross' Bibliography in his "Life of Sterne" about the Professor's former publication of the "Journal" in his New York edition of Sterne's works. I showed Mr. Nettleton from the Bibliography that this was not the case. Addressing himself now to "Sheridan", he is silent on this point. Yet he it is who now twists my Bibliography, bids me answer without evasion, and cross-examines me as he has done. Let us be more charitable. If any writer had "claimed" some speeches of Sheridan which I had first given, I hope I should not have written in this spirit. This rather undignified correspondence has now lasted a considerable time, and I, for one, must respectfully decline to continue it any longer.

I am, Sir, faithfully yours,
WALTER SICHEL.

THE EGYPTIAN QUESTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 June 1910.

SIR,—In your article of last week under this heading, forcible in its general arguments and convincing in its conclusions, one sentence only challenges dissent. You say that "If the King's agent agrees with the policy which he is instructed by the Secretary of State to pursue he must share to the full the responsibility of failure, as he would assuredly claim the praise of success. If he does not agree, it is his duty to resign".

Theoretically, and assuming the Utopian state which shall reward every honest man in proportion to his honesty, this may be sound enough. But, as a matter of practical politics, it is impossible. For every pro-Consul or Minister of Great Britain Overseas, working, as he needs must, under conflicting and often tentative ideals of foreign policy, there must be many occasions where his private opinions, based on local knowledge, conflict seriously with his instructions from Downing Street; but to resign at any moment of crisis is no more open to him than to a general at the outbreak of a distasteful war. Nor are all questions of policy equally vital, vital to the point of expecting an agent, for conscience' sake, to sacrifice his life's work, his ambitions, and to accept for himself and his family obscurity and possibly poverty. Only men of independent means, with no hostages in Fortune's hands, could be expected to accept martyrdom of this kind: the workaday alternative in which every man under authority must acquiesce is to make the best of one's instructions while praying for more light at headquarters and doing one's best to create it. With a foreign policy such as that which imperial England suffers at the hands of the present Government acceptance of your conclusion would decimate the Civil Service abroad, relegating a large majority of our

Ministers, pro-Consuls and diplomatic agents to vegetation on pittances in their native places. As a matter of fact, British agents have no alternative but to identify themselves loyally with the policies and fantastic shibboleths of the well-meaning theorists placed in authority by the will of the British people. Every man who has seen the Empire overseas could cite many an instance of duty loyally and bravely done by our agents, despite their own keen sense of humiliation and futility. No man should be expected to resign (on the contrary, it is his duty to endure) unless the instructions given him violate his conscience on some question of high moral principle.

But the difference between a good and a bad public servant of the Crown in *partibus* lies in this: that while the bad will passively acquiesce, letting himself and his work drift on the tide of preventible inefficiency and looking forward only to pensioned ease, the good will endeavour at all times to check that tide by clear and fearless warnings, whereby some light may be cast in the high places of darkness and fools saved perchance from the consequences of their folly.

I am etc.,
ASIATICUS.

ROYAL SPADES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

4 June 1910.

SIR,—Is "Royal Spades" an advantage or a drawback to bridge? I have played the game continuously for the past few weeks with the inclusion of "Royal Spades", and I am bound to say at the end of it I am open-minded. It became annoying at times, but then I think it was simply the point of view as to whether "Royal Spades" were with me or against me. The real question is, Would bridge be the gainer by its permanent inclusion? Personally, I am rather inclined to think it would. At present Spades enjoy no sort of position, being almost invariably a confession of weakness and a defensive call. But why should they not be exalted into an offensive call—be given a status of their own? That "Royal Spades" at ten points a trick does this is obvious, for it then over-tops Hearts and reckons second only to No Trumps. The objections to it are that it falsifies preconceived notions of the game, even to subverting No Trumper in that "Royal Spades" will be gone with tolerable certainty of success on a hand which must have otherwise been a No Trumper indifferently successful, or indeed liable to be upset by the adversaries. I admit these objections to a certain extent, though it should be borne in mind that honours in "Royal Spades" are only worth honours in Spades. On the other hand, does not the new call open up a vista of possibilities never previously existing? I have heard it described as the "back-door" of bridge, but is it not because it is an innovation, that it is resented, that a certain annoyance is experienced at the appearance of an interloper into the vested domains and traditions of seventeen years? I ask these questions because I should like to find out what grounds, if any, there are for not giving down-trodden Spades a chance. In the matter of innovations we have a precedent ready to hand in Spades under certain conditions not being played, which, moreover, is contrary to, or is not provided for by, the rules of accepted bridge.

Yours etc.,
LYNX.

THE WIVES OF JAMES II.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Pump House Hotel, Llandrindod Wells,
14 June 1910.

SIR,—In the Royal Descent, as given in Sir Richard Holmes' "Life of King Edward VII.", I notice a strange omission and error. James II.'s first wife—Anne Hyde—is not mentioned, or is wrongly called

"Mary", that being the name of his second wife—Mary of Modena. Anne Hyde, however, was the mother of Queen Mary II. and of Queen Anne, whereas Mary (of Modena) was the mother of the luckless Pretender and others. It seems only right that the mother of one of our most gifted and illustrious Queens Consort should be given her proper place, in her correct name, in the Royal pedigree.

I am, Sir, yours truly,
H. MATTHEWS.

"AN OBLONG SQUARE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Brenchley, Kent, 20 June 1910.

SIR,—I plead guilty to Mr. Runciman's charge of frivolity. Truth to tell, I thought he was in frivolous mood when he wrote his first letter. I was ignorant of the existence of "genuine writers" who held inexactitude a "thing abhorrent" and exaggeration a "vile fault", and when a man, professing this faith, talked of a seven-sided triangle, I rashly made sure that he was joking.

A reader finds faults in his reading more abhorrent and vile than inexactitude and exaggeration. Worse to him than an "inexact" definition is an incomprehensible. An "oblong square" he understands, perhaps because it is so old a friend, Scott, in the second chapter of "The Heart of Midlothian", having called the Grassmarket "a large open street, or rather oblong square". A "seven-sided triangle" conveys no impression whatever.

Instead of complicating, Mr. Runciman's last letter has much simplified the situation. He does not now claim that Walcot Square is a "triangle". Exact geometry may, for what I know, deny the existence of a figure with eight and a half sides: the inexact reader is happy, and thinks he understands. This amorphous property had, once, nine sides. Fire, municipal improvements, or some other of the causes that devastate cities, robbed it of half a side.

With the dropping of the triangle, as far as I am concerned, cadit quæstio.

Yours faithfully,
CECIL S. KENT.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S LECTURE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Finistère, France, 21 June 1910.

SIR,—With your comment on Mr. Roosevelt's speech at the Guildhall, that "the citizen of no nation that had a tradition of diplomatic good breeding could do such a thing", I entirely agree. But in saying that for Mr. Balfour and Sir Edward Grey to "think it necessary to appear pleased" is "hardly the way to add to the dignity of British public life", you are somewhat hard, I think, on Mr. Balfour and Sir Edward Grey.

One can imagine Sir Edward Grey's embarrassment on being told what Mr. Roosevelt proposed to say in his "lecture" at the Guildhall. But was it his business to tell Mr. Roosevelt that this was not the kind of speech he would make himself in a foreign country? Or, on the other hand, was it exactly his duty to object to such a speech—however lacking in good taste he might think it—when it was submitted to him in such an apparently friendly spirit?

Mr. Balfour, with his usual chivalry in supporting a friend whenever he is able, and his unique command of subtlety of meaning, remarked that he did not see how any Britisher could possibly mind anything that was said in Mr. Roosevelt's speech. Nor should he: for Mr. Roosevelt is not a Britisher! He is not even of British descent. Were one of our own politicians to make a like speech, say in New York, then, and only then, might we have cause to feel ashamed.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

G. H. B.

REVIEWS.

"THIS ENGLAND."

"The South Country." "The Heart of England." By Edward Thomas. London: Dent. 1910. 3s. 6d. each.

ENGLISH people have been waiting for generations for a great book on England. Sir John Lubbock once raised anticipations by publishing a work called "The Scenery of England", but he gave us little more than geological treatises not conspicuous for insight. "The Heart of England" and "The South Country" touch us more nearly still; and the doctor who is to interpret the pulse of England's heart has a name with a certain pre-eminence. Mr. Edward Thomas as he drops his Celtic extravagances of phrase and simile comes steadily into his reputation. Among his virtues it is to be reckoned that he is a vagrom by instinct and has the truant spirit "as strong as any man in Illyria". He is also a naturalist, and writes literary criticism of a more elemental character than we often read.

Has he written the great work? We would not be misunderstood in suggesting that he might have written a much finer book if he had not been the biographer, and a very excellent biographer, of Richard Jefferies. Of course, Jefferies was a man with genius for the interpretation of the country in which he had his being. He, if anyone, is the founder of the cult of nature now in danger of being overdone. But one may say of Jefferies, as was said of Ruskin, that no man is more dangerous to imitate, whether the imitation be conscious or involuntary. So far as Mr. Thomas is a second Jefferies, a name that has been given him, he fails. Page after page of these two books are quite unreadable from the superfluity of detail and excess of mood which the school cultivate. In spite of notable exceptions, as a general canon of criticism it is true that every author must select from the picture before him before he can reproduce it. Much writing on the country by men of real stuff and feeling has come into disrepute among readers of classical training because of a certain lush luxuriance of sentimentality which may at any moment, when the mood flickers, become slovenly and washy. These are the last adjectives we should think of applying to Mr. Edward Thomas; but he nods seriously. In too many passages he spares us nothing, not an adjective, not a plant, not an insect. We would defy the most ardent countryman possessed of the most intrinsic knowledge to carry away anything but a sense of oppression from the passage which we quote below. Moreover, it is such a passage as fourth-rate authors write by the ream; and then, if ever, is a serious case for criticism when first-rate men allow themselves to slip into fourth-rate canons of art:

"Now the pine blooms in the sandy lands, above the dark-fronded brake and glaucous-fruited whortleberry, the foxgloves break into bell after bell under the oaks and birches. The yellow broom is flowering and scented, and the white-ladies' bedstraw sweetens the earth's breath. The careless variety of abundance and freshness makes every lane a bride. . . . June puts bronze and crimson on many of her leaves. The maple leaves and many of the leaves of thorn, bramble and dogwood are rosy. The hazel leaves are rosy brown; the herb-robert and parsley are rose-red; the leaves of ash and holly are darkly lacquered. The copper beeches . . ."

And so on, adjective upon adjective, none lending us eyes. Such an opening as "The yellow broom is flowering and scented" would be called platitude and tautology if the subject were outside this so-called nature worship. "The silk hats of the black-coated men were well ironed" would be a sentence of the same literary value. Are we so careless of the goddess we worship as to admit indulgence in such writing as this? The danger is the sort from which real countrymen, among whom the author takes a high place, ought to save us. We do not suggest that the exaggerated moodiness of such

passages condemns the books. Much of both volumes is very charming. Now and again the reminiscences of the country people, as in a great chapter called "The Fox-hunt", have the quality of a folk-song. The incidental literary criticisms, thrown in very much after the manner of Thoreau in his "Week on the Concord", bring out a gift of quotation which implies a gift of appropriate understanding. On this head we prefer Mr. Thomas to Thoreau. Again, his talks with fellow-vagrants with whom his strong affinity makes him congenial are pleasing and for the most part unaffected, except now and then when he spoils the naturalness by mock-modest allusions to himself as a journalist and nothing more. But the people are better than the country. Too seldom do the great ribs and structure of the land show their shape under the luxurious clothing in which Mr. Thomas' moods and too curious eye enwrap them. Now and then one desires a rather more stark and manly note: the stuff of Cobbett or the knowledge of Young.

Some day, when the author is a little further off from the influence of the great man whose life he wrote, he may yet do the great book about England which is to be written. He is a walker, and walkers are rare, though perhaps even the walker might fill a gap by an occasional dash across hill and valley on the machine that, whatever its failings, helps us to discover the lie of the land. But it is true, as one of the very minor poets said :

"We grant the poetry, the romance :
But look behind the veil.
Suppose that while the motor pants
You miss the nightingale".

Mr. Thomas has never missed a nightingale in his life, but he has sometimes missed the meaning of a chalk down and a clay soil. His great book is yet to come; and it will only come by way of that repression and control which is the quality of classicism in whatever sphere. Like "Two in the Campagna", we hear in these works the true note, we catch a glimpse of the true wisdom; but "just as we seemed about to learn. . . Off again"—off into the vague and wordy. It is because much may be expected of Mr. Thomas that we have laid stress on the one serious flaw rather than the many cardinal merits of books which we have read with deep pleasure.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

"The Loyalists of Massachusetts." By James H. Stark.
Boston: Stark. 1910. 25s. net.

IT is a healthy sign of efficiency in the modern school of American historians that they should be devoting themselves seriously to inform their countrymen as to the truth about the Revolution, both as to its origin and the manner in which the War of Independence was carried on. Probably no series of events, except the French Revolution, has been more grotesquely misrepresented. There has been less excuse for American historians than for French, as the facts were far less complicated. But the legends which sprang into life early in the history of the United States have been propagated broadcast by Fourth of July orators and endorsed by leading statesmen, who ought to have known better and probably did. But honesty compels us to admit that English writers have hastened to circulate these calumnies against their fellow-countrymen, and, with the great exception of Lecky, few writers of modern times have attempted to do justice to the British side of the case or to paint a true picture of the Revolutionary "heroes". The worst offenders have, of course, been Whig writers whose aim has been less historical truth than a desire to prove that Fox was always right and George III. wrong. It may be hoped that even such partisan historians may follow the excellent example set by Mr. Fisher, Mr. Stark and other American writers of recent years and revise their prejudices in the light of facts.

Although this volume purports to deal with the Massachusetts Loyalists, there is a valuable historical sketch prefixed in which the author tells the truth about the authors of the rebellion and the subsequent conduct of the Revolutionary Government. He pursues his theme as far as the American war with Spain, and tells again the infamous story of the Maine boundary. His endeavour is clearly to redress the balance rather than to write an impartial history. His countrymen have, indeed, been so fed up with anti-British fiction that they should receive and profit by the unvarnished truth told for once. Most English readers require enlightenment almost as much.

The campaign of fiction begins as far back as the legend of the Pilgrim Fathers. "The Puritans", Mr. Stark says, "were far from being the fathers of American liberty. They neither understood nor practised the first principles of civil and religious liberty." On the contrary, they most cruelly persecuted the Quakers and others and broke every provision of the Charter which they had obtained from Charles I. In 1684, after flouting the Royal Commission sent out to enforce its terms, they were very properly deprived of it altogether.

The existence of a French dominion in Canada was the only cause that kept this element in America for a time unwillingly loyal. The taxation of the colonies was only a pretext put forward to excuse rebellion, which was in the blood of a section of the colonists. Unfortunately these men were the noisiest and most active element. They would perhaps have been willing to remain nominally British subjects so long as they were not called upon to bear any of the burdens of British citizenship. Some of the colonies were undoubtedly of great service in the Seven Years War and supplied valuable fighting contingents, but by no means all. However, when the French pressure was removed disloyalty soon became active. The demand for a contribution from the colonies towards the expenses of the war was the opportunity for the outbreak.

Nothing in history has been more perverted than this story of the "taxation of the American colonies". The colonies were in the first place given every opportunity of taxing themselves; it was only when they would do nothing that the British Parliament passed the Stamp Act. So far as representation was concerned, some of the largest and wealthiest communities in England were at that time unrepresented in the British Parliament. "No demand", as the author says, "could be more moderate and equitable than that of England. The true motive of the resistance was a desire to pay as little as possible and to throw as much as possible upon the Mother Country. Nor was the mode of resistance more honourable—the plunder of private houses and custom-houses connived at and unpunished." This is the whole matter in a nutshell, and it could not be better put. It is unnecessary to labour these points further. The American Revolution, like other revolutions, was the work of a small and noisy minority who ultimately forced the majority into action which they would have deprecated at first. When invasion followed and property was destroyed, of course feeling against the Mother Country grew more general. The original "heroes" of the Rebellion were, like Samuel Adams and Hancock, often defaulters in respect of public funds or smugglers who resented the attempts of the British Government to regulate trade.

Apart from the general question, Mr. Stark's book is peculiarly valuable for the light it throws upon the fate of those colonists of Massachusetts who were loyal to the British Crown. In such struggles a certain amount of resentment is inevitable, and the losing side will suffer; but not even the French Revolution can show more sordid scenes of brutal persecution than the rebels were guilty of in Massachusetts. We have been accustomed to see Washington, Hamilton, and a few other chivalrous leaders paraded as the typical figures of the contest. In truth they were the rarest exceptions. The brutalities of mob law were the rule, and even the laws of the State reduced the loyalists to a

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position no better than that of the Irish Catholics under the Penal Laws. The struggle was in the main between aristocrats and the mob. The property-owning classes were, on the whole, loyal; naturally, therefore, the opportunity was seized to deprive them of their possessions. This was hardly so in the South, where many of the slave-owners were anti-British. In Massachusetts the Loyalists, so far as the protection of the Law Courts was concerned, were much worse off than foreigners. Many of them were imprisoned in a horrible den known as "Newgate Prison", a disused copper mine. A law was passed making it an offence punishable with death to adhere to the British connexion. Indeed, some persons suffered under it, but, as Washington saw, such conduct would only give occasion for dangerous reprisals. In the end the vast bulk of the Loyalists were driven from the country and their property confiscated. This was, as the author argues, very short-sighted policy on the part of the revolutionary Government, for it supplied Canada with a large body of most desirable citizens and proved the cause of most of the subsequent disputes between the United States, Canada, and the Mother Country.

It is not the mob-violence in the revolting States alone that deserves the censure of history: far worse was the infamous violation of the Treaty of Versailles by the Congress of the United States. England might, indeed, have made much better terms for herself had she only looked to her own interests, but the only provision she exacted in return for the great concessions to the revolted colonies was on behalf of the Loyalists. In every particular the terms were shamefully violated. This, as Hamilton urged, was not only perfidious but impolitic. But revenge and lust of gain were much more powerful influences than honour or even policy. The three solemn promises made in the Treaty were that no obstacle should be placed in the way of the recovery of debts by Loyalists from American citizens, that no fresh measures of persecution or confiscation should be undertaken against them, and that Congress should sincerely recommend the States' legislatures to repeal existing Acts of Confiscation. But in the event everything was done to make the existing condition of the Loyalists worse, and fresh Acts were passed to make impossible the policy promised by the Treaty. It is difficult to understand how a people that set up on its own account in this fashion could have been so easily received into the comity of nations. The only consolation England could derive from the situation was that her enemies the French, whose interference alone had made American independence possible, were treated as badly. No attempt was ever made to carry out the provisions of Franklin's Treaty with the French Government, which bound the United States to help to defend French possessions in the West Indies. In fact there was no act of national perfidy, from the violation of the Convention of Saratoga onwards, of which the Revolutionists were not guilty. We sympathise with Mr. Stark and other Americans who protest against the stereotyped oratory of the Fourth of July type which would represent all modern Americans as the degenerate descendants of chivalrous heroes. If they are worse than the Revolutionary politicians, then their reputation is indeed in sad case.

Incidentally we may note that the author exposes Franklin's infamous and deliberately concocted lies regarding the employment of Indians by the British Government, and disposes of the legendary accounts of the "Boston massacre" and the "battle" of Lexington.

The greater part of this book consists of biographies of leading Loyalists and histories of their families. These appear to be accurate and careful, but are of more purely personal and local interest than the earlier pages. The book contains some excellent portraits, but the fancy pictures of revolutionary episodes are of little merit and might well have been omitted; they are more fitted for a baby's history-book.

LAW AND HISTORY IN PEERAGE.

"*Peerage and Pedigree.*" By J. Horace Round. 2 vols. London: Nisbet. 1910. 25s. net.

CERTAINLY no one who has practised before the Committee for Privileges would deny "the muddle of the law" in peerage cases. The scholar tells the mere lawyer that his profession sacrifices the results of scientific inquiry on the altar of ancient and unverified authority. Indeed, from the historian's point of view a law lord in peerage matters ever seeks definite dates and yet disregards their teachings. Peerage law, to the uninitiated, may be defined as a collection of conflicting precedents, torn from their historical context and varied by expediency. For instance, a summons to and a sitting in Parliament, ungoverned by any letters patent of creation, constitutes a barony in fee; that is, a peerage descendible to heirs-general. The lawyer borrows from the historian the date 1295 as the first Parliament, and any summons to with a sitting in that Parliament, or others subsequent, taking it as a model, is sufficient to establish a barony by writ. "But", the historian replies, "how ridiculous! the hereditary principle never came properly into force until the end of the fourteenth century." "True", the lawyer rejoins, "people were very ignorant in early days; the principle was there all the time, but they never found it out until the seventeenth century, and once established, of course, the law never changes." And if the historian objects, what does he suggest? A peerage must have a definite date—"some time between" might leave a dozen claims in the air for all time. Similar difficulties have occurred over the "surrender" of peerages. In the fourteenth century, long before the doctrine of nobility of blood had been formulated, many surrenders of peerages were made to the Crown, and the veriest law student of the day would never have doubted their validity. But since it has been laid down that peerages created since 1295—the date of Stubbs—are hereditary, every surrender since that date must be regarded as illegal, as an hereditary dignity ennobles the blood and is fixed in the posterity, who cannot be disinherited by any peer for the time being. This in the Earldom of Norfolk case of 1907 compelled the lords of the day to declare illegal a surrender of 1302, because, under the modern rule, any heirs of the surrendered earldom might some day come forward to claim it. There have been numbers of surrenders of the Norfolk type; probably peerage lawyers are now busily employed looking for the proper heirs, and when they have found them doubtless the Committee for Privileges will be busy.

To take an instance in which expediency has swallowed both law and history, we may refer to baronies by tenure. For very many years after 1295 tenure was the main factor in evoking writs of summons, yet in 1669 the Privy Council firmly tells the Fitzwalter claimant that "barony by tenure was found to have been discontinued for many ages, and so not fit to be revived". Nor did the Berkeley claimant in 1858 succeed in showing the House of Lords that the 1669 decision was in any way inexpedient.

The fetish of the lawyer is, as Mr. Round not unreasonably says, worship of the common law, which once ascertained—useful loophole—is fixed and unalterable except by statute. Unlike Scotland, England does not acknowledge desuetude. The critic's next step is logical and unanswerable—apply your law. The ignorance of fourteenth-century lawyers is severely rebuked by the "ascertained" rules relating to hereditary right, surrender, and abeyance; but what, for example, is to be said of fifteenth-century views on peerages held *jure uxoris*? In 1903 the Lords came to the conclusion, for the purposes of the Barony of Fauconberg claim, that in the reign of Henry VI. a certain peer sat in Parliament in right of his wife. The fifteenth-century lawyer then was right. But the law never changes. So it may be asked what answer could be given to-day to husbands of peeresses in their own right who came to the Lord Chancellor and demanded their writ of summons in right of their wives' peerages? The Lord Chancellor would doubtless refer them to the

Committee for Privileges. One can almost imagine the private discussion when the House was cleared, "most interesting, highly inexpedient, and therefore not to be encouraged"; then to the public, "the petitioner has not made out his claim". Mr. Round points out that it has never yet been explained how there came to be such a marked difference between the terms of the Lord Chancellor's motion as agreed by the Committee and the final resolution as printed. The words certainly have different meanings, but the resolution makes the precedent, and it is this which confirms the *jure uxoris* principle.

No sound lawyer can refuse to agree with Mr. Round in his vigorous criticism of the too-frequent custom of accepting without examination the dicta of Coke. As he rightly insists, it is not the opinion of Coke which ought to be the authority, but the grounds, always ascertainable by his references, upon which that opinion is based. A striking instance is the mistake concerning the succession to the Earldom of Chester. Coke's dicta on this case were not unnaturally in the Earldom of Norfolk case (1907) seized upon by counsel as supporting the antiquity of the principle of abeyance, a view evidently regarded with favour by the Committee. Mr. Round shows most clearly that the case had nothing to do with succession to the earldom as an honour, but concerned the lands only, and further points out how Coke's reference to Fitzherbert was wrongly read and misapplied. Whether earldoms can go into abeyance should not be decided, Mr. Round says, by what Coke said, but by a careful examination of all the successions to earldoms in fee when heirs-male failed. This is scientific method, and was to some extent followed in the Norfolk case, but unfortunately the decision went off on some other point, and the cases must be used over again by the next claimant to an earldom in fee.

Mr. Round has always been a merciless and trenchant critic of pedigree humbug. His latest work is as keenly logical and relentless as ever. We may instance the longing of Richard Bertie, an Elizabethan ancestor of the Willoughby de Eresbys, to be thought of good blood, and yet he is confounded by his wife's own hand who, in a letter to Cecil, refers to him as "meanly born". His father was a hard-working master mason, but family historians still say the Berties "came over with the Conqueror". Under "Some 'Saxon' Houses" a vigorous onslaught is made on those families who falsely pretend, not merely to Saxon ancestry, but to importance and landed estate even before the Conquest. Domesday Book gets very much in the way of these visionary claims, and though practically none of them can be substantiated, vehement repetition of the fable has done its work and tradition so manufactured has established a local history which has nothing to do with fact.

It is difficult to understand how modern peerage works can have swallowed the pedigree fairy tales solemnly served up to them. Mr. Round's book should give their editors busy blue-pencil work before the next editions are published.

We regret the space Mr. Round has given to "The Great Carington Imposture". True, the whole chapter is a masterpiece of searching criticism, and bears on every page evidence of laborious research, but was the family, from the historical, or indeed any, point of view, worth it? "Heraldry and the Gent" everyone with a sense of humour must be keenly interested in. There has been so much nonsense written on this subject and with such a pretence of learning that many people believe the College of Arms really can create a gentleman. The College, we fear, can manage nothing more than "gent", and for that they charge quite enough. Heraldry belongs to the antiquary. Modern coats in ancient style (*prix fixe*) are the last remnants of days which belong only to history. We congratulate Mr. Round on his work, and we believe his volumes will greatly help to get what their author most wishes for peerage law, scientific treatment; and for pedigree, truth.

ISOMETRY WITH A VENGEANCE.

"ANTI MIAZ: an Essay in Isometry." By R. J. Walker. 2 vols. London: Macmillan. 1910. 21s. net.

THERE was a little book recently published which argued that our classical texts were all corrupted by editors who failed to recognise the passages of ancient slang in which they abounded. The anonymous author then proceeded to emend "Barbara Celarent Darii Ferioque prioris" into a racy conversation between soldiers, some of them drunk. There the joke was confessed, though one had an uncomfortable suspicion that the author had only just stopped in time. If he had gone on, he would have been taken in by his own pretence. That is what happened to Samuel Butler. He conceived the jest of arguing solemnly that the "Odyssey" was written by a young lady, and he even gave the young lady's name. It was Nausicaa. A very fair jest; but by the end of two hundred and fifty pages we find him fighting hotly for this theory and seriously offended with Professor Jebb for not treating it with respect.

One cannot help fearing that the same thing has happened with Mr. Walker. Not that his original theory is in itself funny, it is only improbable. But the application of it leads to such wild and startling results, and gives so much fun on the way, that it is hard to believe that the author is writing quite without guile. And yet the book amounts to two handsome volumes, nearly a thousand pages. Who would write so much if he were not serious? Or, should we perhaps say, who could help being gradually led to believe in his own joke if he were so rash as to write a thousand pages about it?

"Joke" is perhaps hardly a fair word. The book is more like a "lark", a reckless intellectual adventure. It strikes one as the work of an acute and perverse mind, with no judgment or sense of probability, either literary or historical. The scholarship is decidedly good, and the English style bright and clever.

The theory needs a word of explanation. We know that in the lyrics of a Greek chorus there is generally, though by no means always, a strophe and antistrophe. That is, the stanzas go in pairs, the metre of the antistrophe being the same as that of the strophe. Before Greek lyric metres had begun to be properly understood, they were—unfortunately they still often are—simply taken syllable by syllable and measured out. In English lyrics, as everyone with an ear for lyric verse will admit, such a process would be senseless. A long syllable has continually to be taken as equivalent to two short, sometimes to more than two. And practically all metrists now take the same view about Greek lyrics. Find out the real metre and the real rhythm, and then you will usually understand why the various "licences" and resolutions and syncopæ are there. The manuscript tradition is a good deal more trustworthy than Hermann and even Nauck thought.

Speaking broadly, most writers now agree, in the first place, in regarding lyrics as organically composed of feet or rhythmical periods, not of so many isolated syllables; and, secondly, in measuring the correspondence between strophe and antistrophe on the same principle. This view is confirmed by the manuscripts. It has in fact enabled us to keep the best-attested reading in many hundreds of places in Greek tragedy, where editors of the school of Seidler had felt it necessary to make changes. Mr. Walker's view is the extreme one that strophic correspondence is absolutely syllabic, and that a long syllable never equals two short. And his method is to go through Pindar and the lyrics of tragedy altering all the places where it does, nearly eight hundred in all.

At the beginning of the book we considered each emendation on its merits, putting a plus sign to those that seemed in any way to improve the passage, a minus to those that harmed it, and a blank to the rest. That is the obvious test to apply. And it was clear that the minuses had it. The theory was, to say the least, not

confirmed by this test. But as the book rolled on, the reader became involved in such a brood of nightmares that the emendations themselves seemed hardly to matter. The last author treated is Euripides, who happens to write his lyrics with much freedom. To support Mr. Walker's theory we find it is necessary to suppose that the "Electra" is not by Euripides. (It is quoted as his by his contemporary Aristophanes; but Mr. Walker's forger was of course clever enough to incorporate in his forgery any quotations that he found.) The "Troades" has been completely re-written by an unknown person. The "Hecuba" has been expanded by one forger and compressed again by another. The lyrical anapests of which Euripides was particularly fond, and which are explained clearly enough in most books on metric—for instance Masqueray—are treated as utterly unintelligible by Mr. Walker and emended out of existence. The "Iphigenia in Tauris" has been re-written in the Byzantine accentual metre called "political verses", and then violently corrupted again, only fragments of the verses being now discoverable. It is a comfort to hear that the "Rhesus", at least, is genuine. We despair of conveying to any non-expert the superlative improbability of these things. And the emendations, which began by paying some regard to probability—indeed, Mr. Walker has a pretty hand at the game when he likes—soon begin to depend on imaginary scribes of "amazing" (but strangely convenient) "ineptitude", and eventually flow off into the conjectural re-writing of whole odes.

In some ways the book belongs to the scholarship of a hundred years back, when Greek tragedy was fair game for anyone who could play at emendations. But on the whole it represents a regrettable expenditure of talents which, with more seriousness, more readiness to learn, and a wider equipment of the necessary knowledge, might have achieved fine work. Mr. Walker may yet achieve this, if he will.

KING OR PARTY.

"Personal and Party Government, 1760-1766." By D. A. Winstanley. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1910. 4s. 6d. net.

NO period of eighteenth-century politics is so confusing to the superficial reader as the first ten years of the reign of George III. It seems purely a struggle of personalities, and little better than a series of backstairs intrigues and petty squabbles between half-a-dozen noblemen and their henchmen. In reality, as Mr. Winstanley shows clearly in this admirable publication of the Cambridge University Press, it was a very momentous contest between personal and party government, between the Whig party and the King. To the student who is fond of bird's-eye views of history the changes of ministry look like the alternate victories and defeats of Pitt, Newcastle, Bute, Bedford, Grenville, Rockingham, and Grafton. Mr. Winstanley unravels this tangled skein with scholarly skill and patience, showing us the real inwardness of all these marchings and counter-marchings under the banners of those whom Disraeli called "Whig magnificoes". The youthful George, who was the most obstinate man in his own kingdom, had been carefully taught by his mother and her friend Lord Bute that his first duty was to assert himself as a king, to govern as well as reign, and to throw off the bondage of the great Revolution families, which had so painfully galled his grandfather George II. Bolingbroke's "Patriot King", a showy and superficial pamphlet, written to discredit the Whigs, had been the staple of his education, that and the Bible, for he found Shakespeare "sad stuff". Under such tuition, the first thing the young King did on mounting the throne was to pick a quarrel with Pitt and Newcastle, with the Minister who had conducted the Seven Years' War, who had won Canada and India for the empire! The question of peace with France afforded a ready pretext. Pitt was for peace,

but on terms which should repay England for her sacrifices. Bute was for peace at any price, although, "horrescimus referentes", Bute was a Tory. Pitt was also for declaring war on Spain, as a measure of precaution and on the principle that it is better to hit first. Bute had his way. Pitt retired at once in proud wrath; the Duke of Newcastle followed reluctantly, when he found that a bishop had been appointed without his sanction. The Duke of Bedford was found to transact the celebrated Treaty of Paris in 1763, and the scandalmongers had it that both the Duke of Bedford and Lord Bute were bribed. It is certain that Bute became very rich; but he was so unpopular that the gossips said anything they liked about him. Mr. Winstanley does careful justice to this much-abused statesman, pointing out the patience, the courage, and the skill with which he persevered in the negotiations with France, until he concluded the peace. Assuming that the Treaty of Paris was a fairly good peace (which seems to be the modern judgment), Lord Bute stands out as a statesman, and is cleared from the obloquy in which his personal unpopularity submerged him. But he was so hated, whether because he was a Scotchman, or because he was supposed to be the lover of the Princess of Wales, or because of his arrogance and wealth, that he nearly cost his royal master the crown. George III. was obliged to get rid of him, and, after the most humiliating attempts to come to terms with the Whigs and with Pitt, he passed under the harrow of George Grenville, who was the worst of all. When he could stand Grenville's lectures no longer, the unfortunate King had recourse to that "transient and embarrassed phantom", Lord Rockingham. Although Rockingham did not enjoy office—power he never had—for more than two years in his life, he has always appeared to us as the most dignified, enlightened, and disinterested statesman of his day; but then Burke was his private secretary. Mr. Winstanley whitewashes another figure of those days—the old Duke of Newcastle. Instead of the ridiculous old slobberer whom the fancy and malice of Walpole and Smollett have depicted, Mr. Winstanley proves to us that the Duke of Newcastle sincerely believed that government by the Whig families, government by party, that is (for there was no Tory party then), was better for England than government by the King, or personal government. It is also indisputable that Newcastle, after thirty years of office, was a much poorer man than when he began life, so that no charge of personal interest can be sustained against him. In an appendix Mr. Winstanley defends Chatham against the charges of sinister motives brought against him by the Austrian professor who has written the latest and more elaborate biography of the great man. Dr. von Ruville's character of Chatham is certainly rather too cynical. We do not believe that the Great Commoner was much better morally than his contemporaries. Intellectually he was a giant among pygmies: he was very ignorant and conceited, but he had the touch of genius which gained an empire. But for all his airs of superiority to mere pecuniary considerations, he eagerly took the pension and the peerage which the wily King was only too glad to give him. Dr. von Ruville's charges, however, are too gross, and are, indeed, ridiculous. That he mouthed as a patriot against Walpole to get the Duchess of Marlborough's legacy of £10,000, and, when he got it, joined the Pelhams, is a childish supposition. That he opposed the Treaty of Paris in order to please Sir William Pynsent (who left him his estate) is even more absurd. Testators are not in the habit of communicating their intentions to their heirs; and Pitt's action in 1761 was so exactly conformable with his known opinions and his character that Dr. von Ruville's interpretation of his policy is worse than cynical; it is foolish, and easily disposed of by Pitt's Cambridge champion.

CHURCH BELLS AND THEIR HISTORY.

"*The Church Bells of Essex.*" By the Rev. Cecil Deedes and H. B. Walters. Aberdeen: Jolly. 1909.

CAMPANOLOGY (or, more correctly, campanology, the commonly accepted form being due to false analogy with such terms as "biology", "philology", etc.) is a science of few, but enthusiastic, votaries and of somewhat scanty literature. One branch of it, the art of change ringing, is "caviare to the general", though by no means so abstruse and difficult to master as is often supposed. The other, which deals with the history and antiquities of church bells, or, as the sub-title of the volume before us has it, "their founders, inscriptions, traditions and uses", is rendered more difficult than it need be by the inaccessibility of its material. High up in the dim recesses of windy towers, accessible in many cases only by acrobatic feats up perilous ladders, the bells hang unvisited and unknown even by the sexton in charge or the clergy responsible for their care—a valuable item of church property, often grossly neglected, for which result careless architects and indifferent church authorities must share the blame. Yet church bells, to say nothing of their intrinsic value (a ring of eight bells may cost from £500 to £1000), are of great historical and antiquarian interest. Their use has been in many respects for centuries intimately connected with national, municipal, and social life; there are many curious and now obsolete customs connected with them; and that there is abundant antiquarian interest in the bells themselves, and the inscriptions found upon them, is evident from this beautifully printed and carefully executed monograph upon the bells of a single county.

It is a handsome quarto volume of 475 pages, rather more than two-thirds of which (pages 153 to the end) are occupied with a detailed account of the bells in nearly five hundred parish churches, in alphabetical order, giving inscriptions, dates, founders' marks, and any particulars known of their history and special customs connected with their use in each parish. Curious and interesting extracts are here and there given from the old churchwardens' accounts—e.g., at Writtle: "1588, payd for meat and dryncke for the Rynggers on the Crownnacyon Day vs ijd"; "Itm., payd John Dyer the bell-founder for casting of the great bell"—this Dyer, elsewhere Dier or Diar, being shown by the writers in the introductory part of the volume to have been one of the itinerant bell-founders who moved their plant from place to place as required. Another item, in 1597, "for a saunce-bell rope" shows that the "sanctus bell" in the Office of the Mass was still used at that date; its later use as a "ting-tang" to call people to church could hardly have come in by then. Most of the old customs connected with bells have died or are dying out in Essex, as elsewhere. The curfew survives here and there; the "passing bell" or "death knell" is still general, with many local variations as to the time after death, the indication of sex or age, etc.; but the "pancake bell" on Shrove Tuesday, the "gleaning bell" to give all a fair start in gleaning, the "apprentice bell" when an apprentice was out of his time, and others, have gone with the conditions out of which they rose. At Harwich, we are told, the custom of ringing a bell in stormy weather to call the people to prayer is "now rarely observed"—a good custom, less honoured perhaps by breach than by observance. The records of too many parishes illustrate the sad neglect of church bells by those responsible for them. Thus, of one fine ring of five bells dated 1599, we read "Bells in a filthy neglected condition, the clappers tied, and no proper ropes. The tenor is cracked from 'clocking'—a practice by which many good bells have been and are being cracked to save the trouble of swinging a bell or going up into the tower to ring it."

Of bell-founders from the fourteenth century onwards, with their characteristic marks, monograms, and inscriptions, a very full and interesting account is given in Part I., pp. 1-152. Of bell inscriptions (in themselves a fascinating study), Messrs. Deedes and

Walter give numerous examples, from old monkish Latin lines such as "Virginis egregie vocor campana Marie", "De celis missi nomen habeo Gabrielis", to the simpler but less picturesque "Miles Grage made me", or the quaint egoism of one Henry Pleasant on the first four bells of a ring of six at Maldon:

- (1) When three this steeple long did hold
- (2) They ware three emblems of a scold
- (3) No musick then but now shall see
- (4) What Pleasant musick six will be.

The compilers have done their work thoroughly and well. Their book is much more than an inventory for a single county; it is a valuable contribution to a little-studied but interesting department of antiquarian research.

NOVELS.

"*The Portrait.*" By Ford Madox Hueffer. London: Methuen. 1910. 6s.

The statement on the paper wrapper of this book runs as follows: "The scene of Mr. Hueffer's story, which comes under the heading of a costume comedy, is laid in the eighteenth century, when gentlemen still fought duels. It begins at a dance of the Dilettante Club, when a wager is made by three gentlemen binding themselves to discover, and, if unmarried, to marry, the unnamed model for a portrait then being exhibited. The romance narrates their adventures". But this summary is unjust to Mr. Hueffer. For one thing, he knows how to spell the Dilettante Club; for another, the occasion of the wager is not a dance but a dinner; for a third, the wager is made not between three but between five gentlemen, only two of whom bet that they will marry the lady; and for one more, he writes better grammar (except by error on page 7). We therefore trust that the hesitating purchaser will not be deterred by this misleading wrapper; for Mr. Hueffer's "costume comedy", which we take to mean a romance historically situated somewhere between the Restoration and the Battle of Waterloo, is really of the reign of William III.; and although the general style is that of Fielding, occasionally spoiled for our ear by Elizabethanisms which we believe to have been extinct before 1730, the spirit of the period is most happily caught. That, however, is the sole merit we can find in the book, which we found it difficult to read, by an author to whom we will readily listen when he writes of contemporary life.

"*A Motley.*" By John Galsworthy. London: Heinemann. 1910. 6s. net.

Here is a sheaf of stories and sketches—some of them old, some new, and all of them undistinguished. There is nothing in the volume to point us to the author of "Strife" and "Justice". It is difficult to find any definite fault. It is not that Mr. Galsworthy goes flagrantly wrong. We would much rather he did, and should not have been so keenly disappointed. There are dozens of writers in the reviews and magazines whose work freely diluted would have a richer flavour than this. Really it is not yet time for Mr. Galsworthy to be living on his reputation. It is unnecessary—in fact impossible—to make any criticism in detail. The book fails negatively—from absence of good things. That is all there is to say about it.

"*Cuthbert Learmont.*" By T. A. Revermont. London: Constable. 1910. 6s.

"Cuthbert Learmont" (writes the heroine, a married lady who "sprayed with heliotrope her corset", in her diary), "how that name turns to fire on the page, and passing into my blood, beats and burns in the systole-diastole of my heart." We are inclined to agree with her, after reading this work; but perhaps the name which most frequently turns to fire on the page is that of Azbar al Azbaroth, which we are given to understand—or to misunderstand—is "the tragic vision, the world-soul's end". Another character, however,

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believes Azbar to be "not merely Kant's noumenal world, the Reality behind the phenomenal, nor is it Plato's Kingdom of Ideas . . . nor the transcendental Object of all Knowledge, but the transcendental Object of all Desire, and an Object not yet attained, and therefore not Real, though I admit it may have a potential or inchoate Reality". We could wish that any character in the book had even a potential or inchoate Reality; the characters waver in a curious manner between transcendental metaphysics and gross animalism, mere puppets for the author's philosophy, without the grace of a single touch of observed psychology. Pretty stuff, this, out of which to weave a novel! Mr. Revermort is well acquainted, it would appear, with all metaphysical theories, ancient and modern, as well as with all literature and music and the arts; one can hardly read a page without being painfully aware of so much. But we are not convinced that he knows men or women well enough to describe even what an ordinary person would do in an ordinary situation; and he harps on his pet theory until we are weary. We had all but omitted to state that the characters are all Scottish; all, at least, who are, alternately, sensuously and metaphysically minded.

"*The Will and the Way.*" By Bernard Capes. London: Murray. 1910. 2s. 6d. net.

This is a capital book to read once, and preferably when you are feeling tired. It is not too long, it makes no demands on your head, and it contains a comic spinster, a sweet young girl, and a strong and sometimes silent man. There is also a wicked lawyer with a suppressed will and a suppressed wife, and a dramatic ending in which the wife eliminates herself and her wicked husband from the plot by the simple expedient of clasping him in her arms and jumping from an extremely high floor in "Queen Charlotte's Mansions", which are between Westminster and S. James' Park. We shall not, we repeat, hanker to read this book again; but the real vexation lies in the fact that every now and then Mr. Bernard Capes gives little hints of what he would do if he were disburthened of the necessity of working out his plot in a certain number of pages. He has ideas for characters, and there is a pleasant quiet power suggested in his trivial sketches which in a romance of this nature is wasted, though it lends a flavour to so hackneyed a theme as that of a man trying to poison his wife with a ptomaine lobster-cutlet.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"*Walks and People in Tuscany.*" By Sir Francis Vane Bart. London: Lane. 1910. 5s. net.

These sketches, brightly written, and moving along with a certain soldierly swing, are slight enough in their structure, but they have the merit of taking us, if in somewhat hurried fashion, through untrdden ways. Each chapter ends with tabular "practical information" which will prove of real use to the adventurous who may wish to follow in Sir Francis Vane's footsteps. The walks about the Baths of Lucca strike us as the most interesting. Throughout the author is in the best of spirits; his naive love of young rascals comes out as a pleasant trait; and his occasional accounts of holiday treats in the country and by the sea given to Italian lads with whom he was scarcely able to communicate are delightfully amusing. There is no disguising that the want of fluent Italian hampers him, and could he have conversed freely with the peasants whom he loves so much we have no doubt that he would have produced a noteworthy book. Occasionally he shows really profound insight, as when writing of the Italian aristocracy whom he met at the highest of the Tuscan Apennine resorts—Abetone. "The men", he says, "are dressed as a City clerk might be dressed for a wedding—dark clothes, patent leather boots, and that kind of thing . . . In fact, they are townsmen bred and born, very charming townsmen; but their attempt at living the country life is foredoomed to failure, just because they are not a feudal nobility but a town aristocracy, and no more able to imitate squires in England or barons in Germany than are mine-owners or stock-brokers when they buy English estates". Or we might put it that the English nobility have places in the country and a house in town, the Italian aristocracy town palaces and a villa in the country. The author is evidently what is called a

"character"; he has his whims, and gives utterance to them; extreme Radicalism is one of them, good family another; but he has humour, fancy, insight, sympathy, and after these long walks taken in his company we part from him with the feeling that we have struck up acquaintance with one who, in an expressive phrase of slang dialect, is a "real good sort".

"*To Abyssinia through an Unknown Land.*" By Captain C. H. Stigand. London: Seeley. 1910. 16s. net.

"*Glimpses of East Africa and Zanzibar.*" By Ethel Younghusband. London: Long. 1910. 12s. 6d. net.

From Mombasa to Addis Adaba is the long stretch of Eastern Africa covered by these two books. Captain Stigand started his venturesome journey from British territory by way of Lake Rudolf to Abyssinia, pretty much at the spot where Mrs. Younghusband ended her trip inland. Captain Stigand broke new ground, almost untouched by Europeans, with the exceptions of von Höhnel and Neumann. He encountered many different tribes, all sheer barbarians, the Wallamu alone showing some signs of descent from a civilised stock. His experiences alike in the not very hospitable country of the Reshiat, the Kerre, and the Wallamu, and in crossing the mountains and the Neri desert, are set out with the serious purpose of adding something to our knowledge of the country between Uganda and Abyssinia. Incidentally we get an idea of the manner in which the Abyssinians treat the tribes of the hinterland. Greatly as they are feared, Captain Stigand found that the Abyssinians show more consideration to a subject people than any other African race he knows. The style of his book, necessarily perhaps, lacks the lightness of touch which marks Mrs. Younghusband's pages. Mrs. Younghusband is anxious that her book should be of service to anyone who intends visiting British East Africa, and she gives chapters of history that have not required a vast amount of research to get together. In the main she is just a delightful gossip about the life she led and the sport she enjoyed with her husband in Uganda. Rhino hunting reminded her of the exciting days of childhood when she played hide-and-seek in the dark; and we hardly know which she found most interesting—the people, the big game, the insects, the pet baby gazelle she fed with a fountain-pen filler stuck through the cork of a whisky bottle, or the kitten that would not grow up. There is a naïveté, a perfect naturalness and cheerfulness about Mrs. Younghusband's account of all she did and saw which make her book noteworthy among the many recently published on East Africa.

"*George Meek: Bathchair-man.*" By Himself. London: Constable. 1910. 6s. net.

"Life", says Mr. H. G. Wells in the preface to Mr. Meek's account of himself, "is filthy with sentimental lying." Therefore, concludes Mr. Wells, when I can read things like this chronicle of Mr. Meek "I want no made-up stories". Fortunately Mr. Wells' own practice of writing stories, some of them artistically excellent, gives the lie to the monstrous theory of art understood in his panegyric of Mr. Meek. High art is more than the literal truth, when by literal truth we must suppose a sprawling catalogue of rather sordid facts and circumstances recorded by a man of average intelligence. Had Mr. Meek been able to interpret the facts of his life, as well as record them, the book would have been in-

(Continued on page 830.)


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teresting. As it stands it is a mass of rather poor material which might be made into something very sordid and harrowing by a novelist with a flair for dwelling on the miserable side of things.

"*Mad Shepherds.*" By L. P. JACKS. London: Williams and Norgate. 1910. 4s. 6d. net.

Chief among the mad shepherds was Snarley Bob; and whether he were mad or not may best be judged by the things he said: "I allus knows when folk has got things wrong end up by the amount they talks". Either Snarley Bob was mad indeed, or this grows to be a mad world. The picture of the surly half-crazed shepherd is well drawn, and there are more good things than usually go to the making of a book like this. Snarley had intercourse with spirits, and communed with the stars, about whom, he tells his friends, there was no nonsense. Moreover, he was the best sheep-breeder of the countryside, and very sane in his madness. An extraordinary and mystical figure; but when next we go into his parish we quite expect to hear of him.

"*Revue des Deux Mondes.*" 15 Juin.

M. Hanotaux continues his study of Joan of Arc, Madame Massieu writes in charming style of Nepaul; but the most weighty article in this number is contributed by M. Pirron, who inquires whether a Balkan Confederation is possible. After touching on the historical aspect of the question, he considers it from the standpoint of the various races concerned, and comes to a conclusion which we may sum up thus: that it is not possible either with or without the inclusion of Turkey. An arrangement or alliance of a more partial nature might be possible, but such an agreement must necessarily be anti-Turk in its nature, and it would take one of two forms—a Serb-Bulgar understanding protected by Russia and smiled upon by Roumania, or an Austro-Bulgarian partition of influence in Macedonia. Nothing but a general coalition to hunt the Turks out of Europe could combine all interests, and of that at present there is no sign. The Great Powers are encouraging the new Turkish régime. M. Pirron sees clearly that this involves great dangers for the Near East. What is wanted is a great man; professors and jurists with paper constitutions are of no use. But this is true of other countries also.

For this Week's Books see page 832.

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Important features of the property are the long and continuous ore chute, the even distribution of values in the quartz, the regularity of the deposit and the absence of faults and dislocations, constituting a combination of attractive features unusual in quartz minors. In short, the geological indications are such that the prospect of the reef continuing in depth could hardly be greater than it is.

The gold, free milling, is found in a quartz vein of very good appearance, which occurs in chloritic schists. The mine is at present opened up to a depth of about 400 feet, the pay chute—which dips at an angle of about 90°—being 1,000 feet in length and showing an average width of about 24 feet, with an average value of over 1 oz. per ton.

The assay plant at the beginning of the year showed the lengths driven in the Levels to be as follows, viz.: No. 1 Level, 1,080 feet; No. 2 Level, 627 feet; No. 3 Level, 200 feet. The average value and width of the reef on the No. 1 Level, over 900 feet of payable ore, was 23.5 dwts. over 31 inches. On No. 2 Level the assay results showed, for a length of 110 feet, an average of 49 dwts. over 43 inches; for 90 feet, 39.2 dwts. over 42 inches; for 200 feet, 22.2 dwts. over 25 inches; and for 187 feet, 20.7 dwts. over 23 inches. On No. 3 Level the reef showed an average value of 43.4 dwts. over 37 inches, for 195 feet of the 200 feet driven.

The new Main Shaft has now reached the No. 4 Level and is being continued to the No. 5 Level, which should be opened out by August. The work carried out in the Nos. 2 and 3 Levels shows a well-developed reef and a duplication of the good values found in the No. 1 Level. Judging from these results, the values in the No. 4 Level should be equally good.

Mr. Leopold Weill, in his Report of March 1, 1910, estimates the profit there, from the ore already blocked out, together with the ore probably there, down to the No. 3 Level, at about £125,000.

The present milling plant consists of a 10 stamp battery, with cyanide plant. It is proposed to increase this in the first instance to treat 4,000 tons per month. Further extension of the Reduction Works will be dependent on satisfactory development, which is being pressed forward as actively as possible. Careful tests have been made by the Consulting Engineer to determine the type of plant most suitable for the ore. These tests have now been almost completed and the plant will shortly be ordered. An air compressor and rock drilling plant have been installed and will be at work about the end of July, which will greatly expedite the progress and reduce the cost of the development work.

Mr. Leopold Weill, in his Report above referred to, advises: "That with an outlay of about £50,000, the mine can be fairly developed, the crushing plant can be increased to a capacity of about three times the present one, the cyanide plant can be improved so as to give a better extraction," a slimes plant can be erected, and a monthly profit of about £9,000 to £10,000 can easily be earned."

The output of the mine from the date of starting operations (April, 1907) to September 30, 1908, is shown by the records to be 16,555 tons, yielding £89,760—an average recovery of £5 7s. 2d. per ton. In addition to this there are about 6,000 to 7,000 tons of accumulated slimes, averaging about 8 dwts. to the ton.

RAND MINES, LIMITED.

(INCORPORATED IN THE TRANSVAAL.)

Declaration of Dividend No. 14.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AN INTERIM DIVIDEND of 10 per cent. (5s. 6d. per share) has been declared by the Board for the half-year ending 30th of June, 1910.

This Dividend will be payable to all Shareholders registered in the books of the Company at the close of business on 30th of June, 1910, and to holders of COUPON NO. 14 attached to Share Warrants to Bearer.

The Transfer Books will be closed from 1st to 7th of July, 1910, both days inclusive.

The Dividend will be payable to South African registered Shareholders from the Head Office, Johannesburg, and to European Shareholders from the London Office, No. 1 London Wall Buildings, E.C., on or about 11th of August 1910.

HOLDERS OF SHARE WARRANTS TO BEARER are informed that they will receive payment of the Dividend on presentation of COUPON NO. 14 at the London Office of the Company, or at the Compagnie Française de Mines d'Or et de l'Afrique du Sud, 20 Rue Talbot, Paris, or at the Banque Internationale de Bruxelles, Brussels.

COUPONS must be left FOUR CLEAR DAYS for examination and will be payable at any time on or after 11th of August, 1910.

COUPONS and DIVIDEND WARRANTS paid by the London Office to Shareholders resident in the United Kingdom, will be subject to deduction of the English Income Tax.

COUPONS and DIVIDEND WARRANTS paid by the London Office to Shareholders resident in France, and COUPONS paid by the Compagnie Française de Mines d'Or et de l'Afrique du Sud, Paris, will be subject to a deduction on account of French Transfer Duty and French Income Tax.

COUPONS presented at the Banque Internationale de Bruxelles, Brussels, must be accompanied by Affidavits or Statutory Declarations on forms obtainable from the Company's London Office or from the Banque Internationale de Bruxelles, declaring the full name and residence of the owner of the Share Warrants from which such Coupons have been detached.

25 June, 1910

The Saturday Review.

ANTOFAGASTA (CHILI) & BOLIVIA RAILWAY.

PROPOSED FURTHER ISSUE OF CAPITAL.

The Twenty-second Ordinary General Meeting of the Antofagasta (Chili) and Bolivia Railway Company, Limited, was held on Tuesday at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., the Hon. Charles N. Lawrence (the Chairman) presiding.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said that, generally speaking, they might look upon the results for the past year as satisfactory, especially when taking into consideration the failure to continue the Nitrate Combination and the subsequent somewhat uncertain position of the nitrate industry, together with the low price of copper which had ruled for a considerable time past. In almost all the items of traffic there was no great variation in the figures for the past two years. One of the chief decreases was some £25,000 in general merchandise, which was due to a reduction in the through traffic to Bolivia. This, he thought, was only transitory, and was the result probably of previous overstocking by merchants followed by the recent general depression. On the other hand, one of the most important sources of Bolivian traffic exhibited a fairly considerable rise—namely, tin ore. The receipts from this branch of traffic increased by nearly £30,000, or slightly over 25 per cent., as compared with 1908, and they hoped that with a continued good demand in the world's markets for this article they might see the output increased. Despite the failure of the Nitrate Combination, they carried an increased tonnage of 3495 tons of nitrate and derived an increased revenue of £3614. Under the circumstances, he thought this was a very healthy sign, for although they had a fewer number of oficinas working than in the previous year, it pointed to the fact that they had others which could work successfully at the lower prices which had been ruling, and that, even without the Nitrate Combination, as carriers they would probably not suffer. Out of last year's earnings, after providing for the Debenture interest and Preference charges and for the dividend on the Deferred stock, which the directors recommended to be at 7½ per cent., they had been able to add to the reserve fund £100,000, in addition to placing to the bridge renewals account £10,000, adding to the fire-insurance account £3000, thereby bringing it up to about £23,000 in two years, and writing off the balance remaining from the previous year of the cost of the last issue of Cumulative Preference stock—namely, £42,754. The present board had during the past two years written off out of revenue £89,350 for cost of issues of certain stock, and they were now left without any debit on the balance under that head. This was very satisfactory, and they could only hope that there would be no recurrence of these items. The acquisition of the Aguas Blancas Railway had turned out so far a satisfactory business, but this new line was entirely a nitrate one. For some years to come the strengthening of the financial position of that business was extremely desirable, so that it might not be at any time a drain upon the Antofagasta resources, but rather be placed eventually in the position of an additional asset to the parent Company. The Company's Bolivian commitments would involve the raising of fresh capital to obtain funds for the purchase of the First Mortgage bonds of the Bolivia Railway Company, which, with the Second Mortgage bonds, were the means for providing the finances for building the lines under that company's concession. It would be remembered that the Antofagasta Company and the North American interests were to provide the money for the First Mortgage bonds, whilst the Government had already put down £2,500,000 in cash to purchase the Second Mortgage bonds. These bonds would be issued as construction went on, and it was their share of the First Mortgage bonds and the cost of acquiring their control in the Bolivia Railway Company for which they had to provide. The directors thought it would be greatly to the interests of this Company to retain these First Mortgage bonds in its exchequer rather than sell them on the open market, and this they proposed to do. They had been able up to the present to finance their requirements by temporary loans as well as certain funds in hand, but they would shortly be issuing some further capital, probably in the shape of a Debenture stock secured as to a first charge on the bonds of the Bolivia Railway Company which they might become possessed of, and as a floating charge on the Antofagasta Company ranking after the existing Debenture stocks.

Mr. Richard H. Glyn seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

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LIPTON, LIMITED.

The Twelfth Ordinary General Meeting of shareholders in Lipton, Limited, was held on Thursday, at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., Sir Thomas J. Lipton, Bart. (chairman of the company), presiding.

The Acting Secretary (Mr. Walter Weir) having read the notice convening the meeting and also the auditors' report,

The Chairman said: It gives me much pleasure to have the opportunity of meeting you here again, and of presenting to you for adoption the report and balance sheet for the past year. While the results of the year's trading have not come up to our expectations, I do not think we can regard these results as entirely unsatisfactory, in view of the exceptional adverse state of the markets in some of the principal articles—notably hams and bacon. The prices of the commodities mentioned, as well as others in a lesser degree, have been such that it was quite impossible to realise anything like the profits obtainable under more favourable conditions. Instead of hams and bacon being a staple article of food for the public, they have now become a luxury. Moreover, these high prices have had the effect, as stated in the report, of greatly curtailing the demand for these articles, our sales of hams and bacon for last year having shown a drop of over 2,000 tons against the previous year, and this item alone would account for the falling-off in profits. Had this market remained normal we should have had an increase, instead of a decrease. With regard to the question of depreciation, this matter is fully explained in the report, and I would only add that we consider we are fully justified in adopting the policy mentioned, for the reasons given. The general condition of our plants, fixtures, &c., is, in our opinion, better than it has been since the incorporation of the company. We have, as mentioned in the report, made provision for writing off £30,000 of advertising, which had been carried forward from the previous year's accounts, and we are now in the much happier position of having started the current year with a clean sheet, and no burden of this nature to contend with. I can quite understand that no shareholder likes to have a reduction in dividend. As the largest shareholder in the company, holding to-day more shares than I did when the business was floated, I naturally appreciate this feeling, but I am sure you will agree with me that we are taking the right course in wiping out this £30,000. I shall now deal briefly with the more prominent figures in the balance sheet. Compared with the previous balance sheet, the overdraft from the bank is decreased by £167,555, and sundry creditors are also reduced to the extent of £59,764; savings bank deposits have increased by £81,493, but, out of this, you will see from the assets side there has been invested £34,012. Cash at bank and on hand shows an increase of £47,893. Incidentally, I may say that our savings bank system is proving a great convenience to large numbers of our customers. At the close of the previous year, as was then explained, stocks were exceptionally heavy, but you will now see they are reduced to more normal proportions, and while the total amount of stocks on hand may still seem large, I would point out we must necessarily have large quantities of goods on hand in order to protect our trade. This applies to some special goods, of which we must always keep large stocks in case of rising markets. I am glad to say that our tea trade is being well maintained, and shows a very substantial increase during the past few years. You will, I am sure, be pleased to learn that our cocoan and chocolate departments have made great strides during the past year, and that in the quantity of the output, the quality of the goods, and the facilities for doing this business under the most favourable conditions, we are well abreast of the times and prepared for any competition. The recently installed plant and machinery now place us in a position to satisfactorily cope with the steadily increasing demand for this class of goods. Our export trade, I am glad to say, is also developing in a most satisfactory manner, and in full accordance with our expectations. I daresay the shareholders will be desirous of knowing how the tea-rooms opened in London are doing. We have experienced a good share of the difficulties that must always accompany the opening of new ventures in that line of business; but we hope, during the current financial year, to produce results which will justify us in extending this branch of our business. I have only recently returned from an extended business visit to our various establishments and agencies in India, Burma, and Ceylon, and I have every confidence that that visit will prove to have an important influence on the future prosperity of our interests in that part of the world. I am glad to report that our trade in India is showing a substantial increase, both in volume of business and in the profits earned. Our estates in Ceylon have also done remarkably well during the past year, and we have every reason for believing that they will do even better during the current year, apart from rubber cultivation. As you know, these tea estates cover a large area, and on my recent visit I found them to be in a most satisfactory condition. The various improvements suggested by me during my previous visit I found had been carried out to my entire satisfaction, and to the advantage of the estates generally. We have planted nearly all the available land suitable for the successful growth of rubber. As you know, the soil and climate of Ceylon have proved exceedingly favourable for producing rubber crops satisfactory both as to quantity and quality. The 150,000 trees we have planted are favourably situated for producing the finest rubber. Samples of our own estate rubber placed on the market in Colombo in April last realised 10s. 7d. per lb. there, and I believe that is as high a price as any rubber has been sold for in Ceylon; and I am assured that this department of our business will prove a highly remunerative one in the near future. I can only say, in conclusion, that it is the directors' most earnest desire, as well as my own, that we should be able to show better results and bigger dividends, as this naturally makes it more pleasant all round, and you may rest assured that everything possible will be done to show satisfactory improvement in next year's balance sheet. I now beg to move the adoption of the report and balance sheet, and that a further dividend on the ordinary shares be paid at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum for the last half-year, carrying forward the sum of £6,166 to next year's account.

Mr. Thomas R. Smita seconded the motion.

Mr. Freeman said that shareholders were naturally dissatisfied with the dividend, as they all thought they ought to have more than 6 per cent.

Mr. Chandler criticised various items in the accounts, contending that a better showing should have been made.

Mr. Mayberry said that, in his opinion, the company had always been conducted in a manner which was honourable to all concerned, and remarked that Sir Thomas Lipton had stuck to the company ever since its inception and done the best he possibly could for it.

Mr. Dixon observed that the past year had been a very difficult one for all engaged in the provision trade. He was sure that the directors worked hard for the benefit of the company. After further discussion the report and accounts were adopted.

25 June, 1910

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